

April FICTION. Collier's

Containing a story of Hounds and Hunters

Rudyard
Kipling
Entitled: **LITTLE
FOXES**



THE
Hant
Another *Story* of the **EIGHT LONESOME
PIRATES** by the *Author* of
MEHITABEL *Entitled:*



A LOVE *Romance* of a Radiant **LADY** and
the *Head Clerk*



Entitled: **The
Lady With
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by **JENNETTE LEE**

74 25111 NO 1

New York P. F. COLLIER & SON Publishers

MARCH 21 1899

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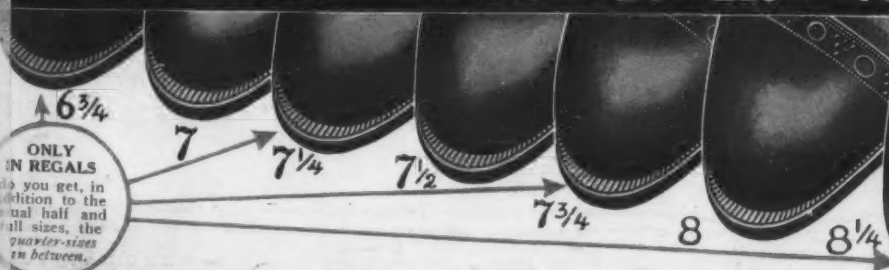
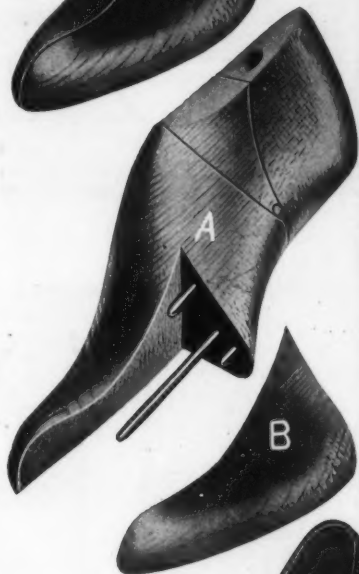
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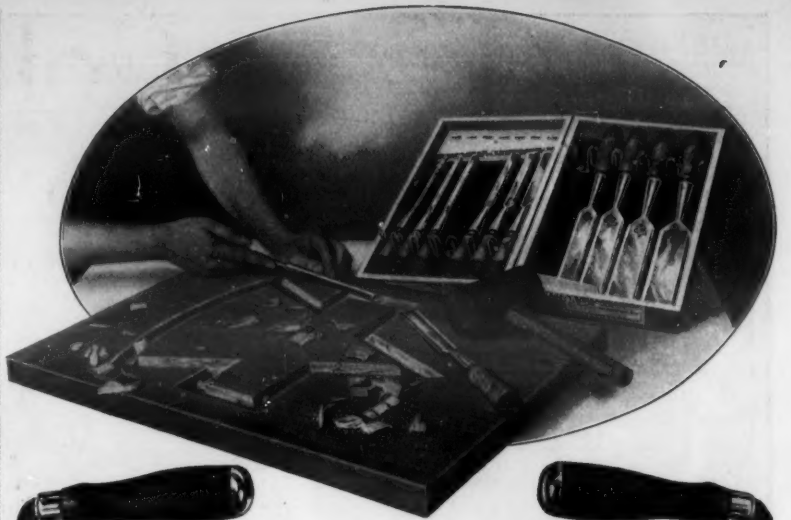
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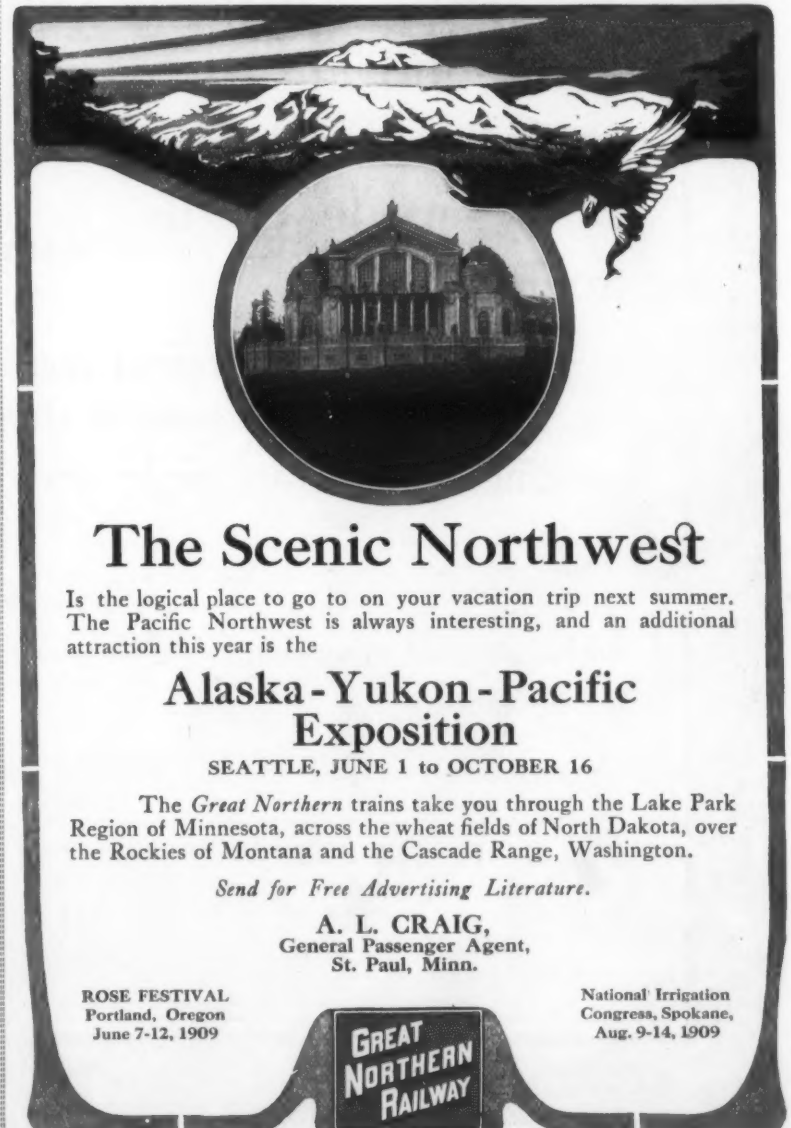
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Collier's

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Art Features Next Week, April 3
"April Showers," Cover in color by
MAXFIELD PARRISH
"The Grass Fire," Frontispiece in color by
FREDERIC REMINGTON
"One of the Leisure Class," Double-page drawing by
CHARLES DANA GIBSON

Collier's National Hotel Directory

ALBANY, N. Y.
• The Hampton Albany's newest first-class fireproof hotel. Bath with each room. Near-est hotel to station and boats. E. P. \$2 up. F. C. Gillespie.
BALTIMORE, MD.
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• The Rennett E. \$1.50. Baltimore's leading hotel. Typical southern cooking. The kitchen of this hotel has made Maryland cooking famous.
BOSTON, MASS.
• United States Hotel Beach, Lincoln and Kingston Sts. 360 rooms. Suites with bath. A. P. \$3. E. P. \$1 up. In center of business section.
BUFFALO, N. Y.
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• Chicago Beach Hotel 51st Bond and Lake Shore. American or European plan. Only 10 minutes' ride from city, near South Park System; 450 rooms, 250 private baths. Illus. Booklet on request.
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• GOING TO ATLANTIC CITY, NEW YORK. Phila., or Wash., D. C., send 4c postage for 96-page guide of hotels with rates, City Maps and all attractions. Sent free by Hotel Bureau, Box 986, Atlantic City, N. J.
• Grand Atlantic Hotel. Virginia Ave. near Steel Pier. Cap. 700. Hot and cold sea water baths. Orchestra. Am. plan, \$2.50 up, daily. Folder.
• Hotel Ostend WHOLE BLOCK BEACH FRONT. Cap. 600. Music; sea water plunge; Am. plan, \$2.50 up, daily. Special rates. Coach. Booklet.
MONTCLAIR, N. J.
On The Mountain Top
• "The Montclair" NORFOLK, VA.
• The Lorraine Fire-proof. 3 stories high. Conventions. European plan, \$1.50 up. L. Berry Dodson, Mgr.
NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.
• The Clifton Directly facing both Falls. Just completed and up-to-date. Open winter and summer. \$4 to \$6. American Plan. Booklet on request.

FOR the benefit of our readers we have classified the various hotels in the United States and Canada according to tariff in their respective cities. One asterisk (*) will be placed opposite the advertisement of the hotel which appeals to an exclusive patronage demanding the best of everything. Two asterisks (**) indicates the hotel which appeals to those who desire high-class accommodations at moderate prices; and three asterisks (***) indicates the hotel which appeals to commercial travelers and those requiring good service at economical rates.

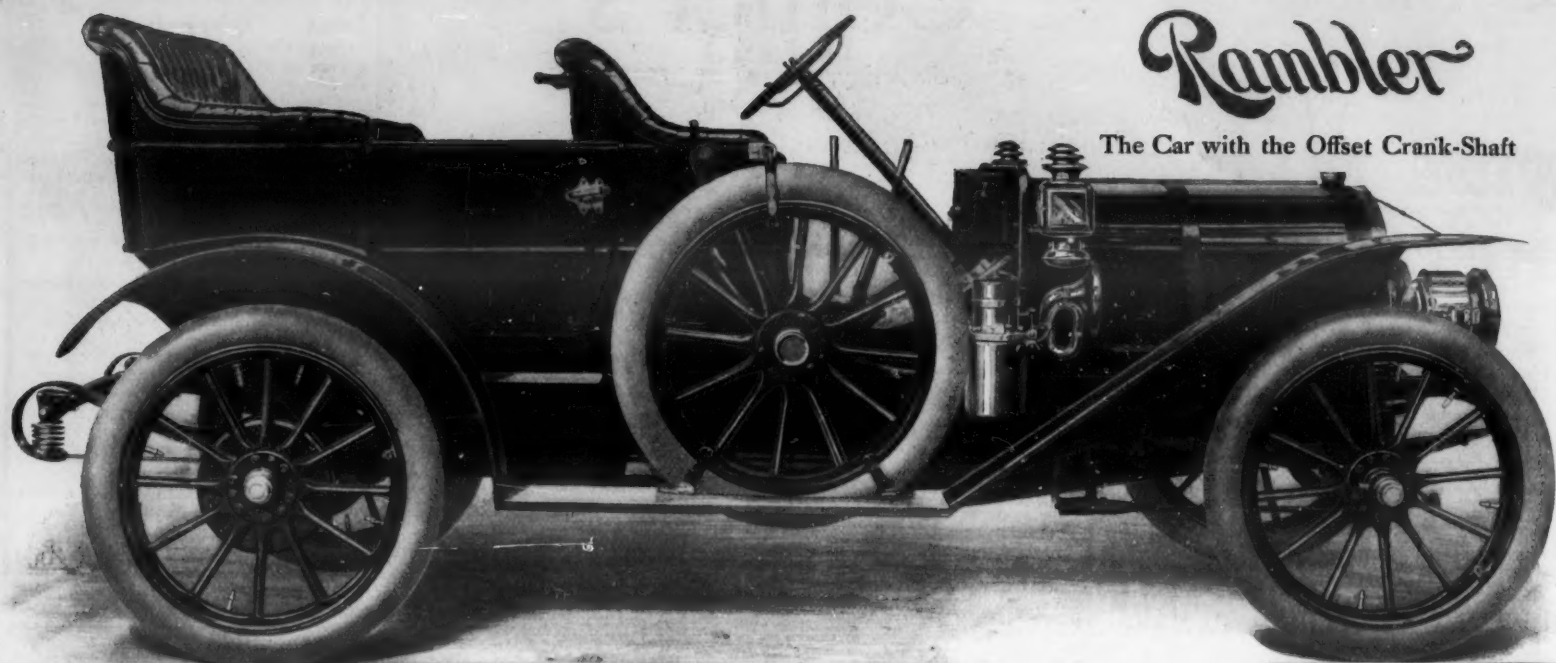
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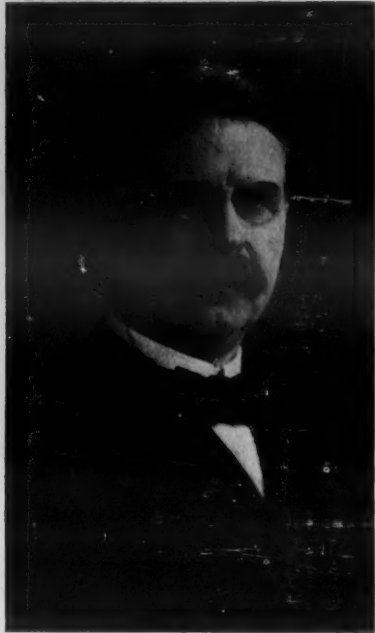
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April Fiction
Number



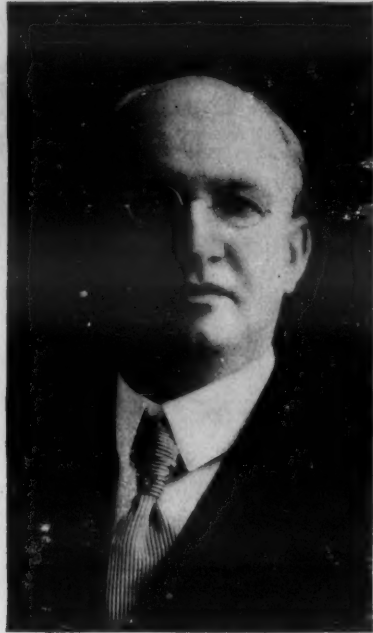
A Submarine Investigation

Photograph by
FLORIAN SCHAFFTER

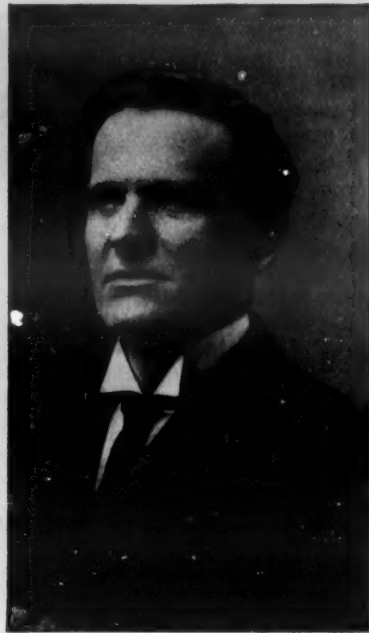


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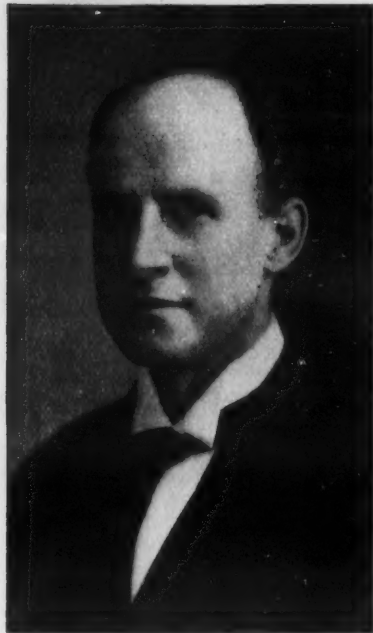
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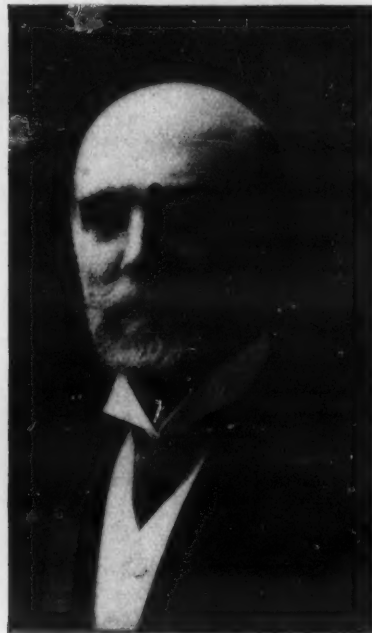


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Twelve Men of Courage

These Were the Leaders of the Insurgents Who Opposed Cannon

(See Article on Page 11)



Collier's

181453

The National Weekly

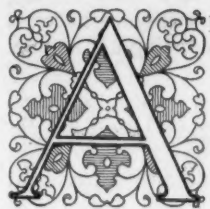


P. F. COLLIER & SON, Publishers

Peter Fenelon Collier—Robert J. Collier, 416-424 West Thirteenth Street
NEW YORK

March 27, 1909

The Theater Trust



ABE ERLANGER has drawn his tomahawk. He seeks the scalp of FAVERSHAM. Will he add this trophy to his collection? He will not.

Ignorant and brutal, this rough egotist rules the syndicate which rules our stage. With no success but money, no eloquence but profanity, he has, nevertheless, been able to beat the other managers into subordinates. Long has been the jealousy between him and CHARLES FROHMAN. In sheer power to-day, ERLANGER has FROHMAN distanced. KLAU, NIXON, ZIMMERMANN, DANIEL FROHMAN, even HAYMAN, more and more become his puppets. If, as he looks into the future, ERLANGER fears the end of his despotism from any man, that man is LEE SHUBERT.

By the number of theaters which he controlled, ERLANGER built the first stages of his power. Actors, playwrights, managers, must bow to him, pay his terms, meet his tastes, or most towns were closed to them. CHARLES FROHMAN then was the principal producer. As he furnished the new plays, his power perhaps was greatest. Latterly, however, ERLANGER has been an increasing producer of tawdry shows, and with this double weapon he has driven FROHMAN from his throne. He speaks scornfully of FROHMAN to-day; snaps his fingers at him, as at all mankind. ERLANGER is as ruthless as he is coarse, as persistent as he is ill-bred. If he dons for a moment the raiment of respectability, then indeed the angels weep. He spoke latterly, with austerity and sternness, of impropriety on the stage, thundering that he would stamp out all tainted shows. What these mortals be! ABRAHAM ERLANGER was the real producer of "The Soul Kiss," the stupid pandering to crass licentiousness which bears the Ziegfeld label. Lumbering hypocrisy, therefore, must be added to his stock of qualities, high among which are vanity and boorishness and cruelty. In no haste are these words written. The American drama and its vicissitudes we have followed with affection since before the syndicate was established. We have watched the influence of this group of men; seen what a blight is their monopoly; and of the whole unlovely group ERLANGER it is who lies farthest outside the pale of sympathy.

The Faversham case has not until now been made public; let us hope that before summer every theatergoer may understand it. Even on ERLANGER's list there are few performances in which the elements of irrational oppression stand so neatly forth. What had this man against FAVERSHAM? Nothing. No "rake-off" had been refused. There was no personal hostility. The actor had never been identified with rebellion. He had even been booked by the syndicate in such a way as to injure WARFIELD (and incidentally himself)—one of the pet trust methods of fighting rivals—and even then there had been no falling-out. This season he was informed, from a clear sky, that KLAU & ERLANGER would no longer book his plays. The exquisite reason far surpassed Sir Andrew Aguecheek. FAVERSHAM, in his starring venture, had borrowed money from a man named ISMAN. Afterward ERLANGER and ISMAN came into some sort of conflict, in an outside matter, wholly unrelated to FAVERSHAM or his productions. Therefore, to punish ISMAN, ERLANGER undertook to break FAVERSHAM. He not only refused to book him. He forbade local theaters to book him through the SHUBERTS. FAVERSHAM might, perhaps, have sued ERLANGER at once for the loss inflicted upon him, but he has gone ahead, making as profitable a season as possible, and he or the SHUBERTS may bring suit later, when the damage can be more exactly estimated. The outcome of the fight depends largely upon the power and courage of the SHUBERTS, who have undertaken to book FAVERSHAM in spite of ERLANGER's decree. The czar went beyond his customary length. Usually his spoken word is sufficient, and it is more difficult to prove. He seems to us to have been incautious in sending out letters to the owners of theaters, warning them not to book FAVERSHAM. The outcome depends, in part, also on the courage of local managers, and they are more inclined to declare their independence than they have been for years. ERLANGER is consistently hated, especially since he has towered more and more arrogantly, arbiter and bully in an art

which supplies pleasure to eighty millions of people. If GEORGE W. WICKERSHAM wishes to make himself a popular hero, behold an opportunity, made to his hand.

Why are the SHUBERTS a menace to ERLANGER's authority? They have been expanding rapidly as producers; more important, they are quietly extending their control of a number of theaters so widely as to promise them immunity from ERLANGER's domination. They already manage DE WOLF HOPPER, LEW FIELDS, "Girls," MAXINE ELLIOTT, "The Wolf," JOHN MASON, Madame NAZIMOVA, LULU GLASER, "The Mimic World," MARY MANNERING, "The Road to Yesterday," SAM BERNARD, JULIA MARLOWE, E. H. SOTHERN, LOUISE GUNNING, EDDIE FOY, JAMES T. POWERS, BERTHA GALLAND, and other well-known plays and actors. In securing control of theaters they are working so quietly that nobody knows exactly what progress they are making, but in theatrical circles it is generally believed that they will soon defy the trust entirely. In New York City they control the following: The Lyric, Maxine Elliott's, Daly's, the Casino, the Herald Square, the Majestic, the Hippodrome, the West End, the Yorkville, the Plaza, the Metropolis, and the Brooklyn Grand Opera House. In Philadelphia the Lyric and Adelphi, in Chicago the Garrick, in Washington the Belasco, in Pittsburgh the Duquesne, in St. Louis the Garrick, in Cincinnati the Lyric, in Boston the Majestic and New Lyric. They have their theaters in Kansas City, Milwaukee, Buffalo, Providence, New Haven, Rochester, Syracuse, Utica, Toronto, Cleveland, Albany, and many other important towns. Already have the SHUBERTS demonstrated their strength by whipping the syndicate on a main issue between them: namely, they are able to own and conduct theaters in the principal cities and still to play those houses for which the syndicate acts as agent. If they fight this Faversham case out fully, the SHUBERTS will certainly prove themselves too strong to be made a catspaw for ERLANGER.

The advantage to the public, the dramatist, and the actor of having two booking routes can scarcely be overstated. Of course there ought to be more, but between one and two lies all the difference between slavery and freedom. Even when the power of the syndicate was most severe, a few managers held out. Such were the men who control the local theaters at Binghamton, New York, and Williamsport, Pennsylvania; but, as may be guessed from illustrations of such modesty, a rare bird has been the local manager who, in defying the trust, has managed his house to suit himself. With the central power divided between the syndicate and the SHUBERTS, the local managers will take heart and open their theaters to plays in which they themselves have confidence. It will no longer be possible for Mr. ERLANGER to decide alone whether dramas like STEPHEN PHILLIPS's "Herod" shall be produced; whether a play which New York did not happen to accept shall be refused a hearing on the road. No longer will the payment of an excessive "rake-off" to ERLANGER be the test of fitness to survive. No longer will it be possible to smother an actor-manager, or other individual producer, because one set of stupid autocrats find his play beyond their comprehension. The playgoing public of the United States will not have its rights until there is freedom in the theater. Imagine a situation by which no book could be published unless it pleased one man, and he ignorant of literature; no picture could be sold unless it pleased a certain creature who hated SARGENT and had never heard of REMBRANDT; no music could be heard unless it pleased a clown whose appreciation of ragtime equaled his contempt for MOZART. Such has been the situation in our theaters. The growing Shubert power promises a change. Despotism so bizarre as ERLANGER is now inflicting should hasten the day of freedom, by arousing comprehension, interest, and resentment in every city of the United States. Some trusts are supposed to be beneficent, others malign. Good and evil in this world are inextricably mixed up, but a microscope would be needed to discover benefits accruing to America from the grinding monopoly of the theater syndicate. Its disastrous effects on the drama and dramatists are unremitting and extreme. Either by law or by competition we should find for it a grave, where it can repose forever, unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

Marines

SECRETARY MEYER, in asking Mr. WICKERSHAM for an opinion about the legality of the action of Congress in reference to marines, brought forward an interesting aspect of that unworthy procedure. The President is Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy. He issued his order about the marines in response to the overwhelming desire of naval officers. Foreign experience, as well as the experience of our own commanders, argued strongly for the change. What does Congress say? "To the devil with efficiency and discipline. Let us talk about jobs." Therefore it makes its appropriation for naval expenses dependent on the restoration of the marines to their former positions. We rather regretted that Mr. ROOSEVELT did not treat this outrageous bit of log-rolling as he did the attempted census grab, and send in a veto that would have helped the country to understand what Congress was about.

Swimmer and Diver

TO SEE ANNETTE KELLERMAN is to increase one's faith in the human form divine. Unaided by corsets and high heels, in trustful reliance on daily exercise, clean cold water, and all the open air that a busy life will permit, she has made herself into the likeness of Greek sculpture—the long flowing lines, the strength and definiteness of outline, the touch of austerity that clothes in chastity those ladies of the marble past. She has become this creature of vigor and beauty by ardent and unbroken pursuit of the noble art of swimming. The posters call Miss KELLERMAN "the Diving Venus." Now, there is distinct evidence that Venus emerged from the unplumbed salt, but there lives no record that the Lady Aphrodite ever cut the sounding furrows with a "dolphin plunge," as Miss KELLERMAN's little herald at the right wing labels one of her stirring "numbers." She dives twelve times for the audience—twelve kinds of dive—each with the perfect posture attained just at the instant of touching the water. The curve of her descent would make the lasting fame of the draftsman who could catch it. All lovers of the water, all lovers of the beautiful, should see this refreshing young woman playing around like a nymph or Rhine-maiden in the younger days of creation.

About Loan Sharks

TWO STATEMENTS are made with frequency by harassed lenders of money to low-salaried men and needy housekeepers. These answers summarize the "loan shark's" defense:

Ten per cent a month is the usual charge for money.

Ten per cent a month is as low a rate as the sharks can charge and continue to do business.

Now, compare these statements with the following statistics:

The average capital invested in a loan office is somewhere between \$5,000 and \$10,000.

A typical loan office will show a profit of from \$5,000 to \$10,000 a year.

If some clear thinker among the men engaged in the business will reconcile these figures, he will cast light into dark places. Our present opinion, based on a long investigation, is that the business, as now conducted by D. H. TOLMAN, CHARLES E. STRATTON, S. J. MASTERS, JOHN MULHOLLAND, and their many rivals and imitators, is about all that it ought not to be. The poor man often has need to borrow. We ought to be able to arrange methods by which he can escape being skinned by the usurers. In some early issues we shall give details. Meanwhile our ears are attentive to all who wish to prove that the shark should earn one hundred per cent a year on his investment.

Statesmen

THIS IS FROM THE CONGRESSIONAL RECORD of February 17 last:

"MR. TILLMAN [speaking on the question of appropriations for the navy, and referring to the policy of the Senate not to inquire too closely into the appropriations for reclamation of public lands and other Western projects]—... It comes with a bad grace from men on that side who have been getting their share of chicks and eggs from the national Government to get up and captiously criticize the rest of us who are only doing the same thing.

"MR. HALE—Mr. President, we have, in the reclamation work, done precisely what the Senator is opposing in the naval bill. We have been leaving the reclamation matter almost entirely to the Western Senators, and we have stood by them every time.

"MR. TILLMAN—And Indian matters and public-land matters are also left to those Senators.

"MR. HALE—Almost entirely.

"MR. GALLINGER—And we all vote for the bills.

"MR. HALE—And we all vote for them."

Does Senatorial courtesy extend to deliberate ignorance of what other Senators are doing with the public funds? Is it division and silence? The excuse of the director of the looted bank is always that he didn't know.

Fun

HELD UNDER COLD WATER by some of his witty and spirited fellow students at the Oregon State University at Eugene last December, RALPH BRISTOL, aged twenty-one, at length ceased to struggle. He has since lost his reason. The facts have just leaked out. BRISTOL had violated some rule of the students, and the cold-water

douche was his punishment. If the prosecuting officer of that county will effectively prosecute the culprits it may not return BRISTOL's reason nor appease the misery of his parents, but it may save some other youth.

The Modern Slavers

"THE PITTSBURG SURVEY" is rounding up its study, so accurate and thorough, into the conditions of life and labor of the wage-earners of the American steel district. The prosperous city, throbbing with energy, fecund in natural resources, with a colossal bank balance, is put upon the witness-stand and heckled in a searching cross-examination. Our only stricture on the patient and sure work of the investigators, the sum total of whose voluminous findings will be permanently valuable, is the dull presentation of the material. Many of the articles are so many cross-sections of tedium, unlighted by style or narrative skill. To that extent they will prove ineffectual, as their main driving force is entirely dependent on the arousal of public opinion. There is incorporated in the findings, however, an effectual summing-up, as may be seen by extracts:

"An altogether incredible amount of overwork by everybody, reaching its extreme in the twelve-hour shift for seven days in the week in the steel mills and the railway switchyards."

Criticism of these conditions in relation to charitable and educational gloss is thus vigorously put:

"Certainly no community before, in America or Europe, has ever had such a surplus, and never before has a great community applied what it had so meagerly to the rational purposes of human life. Not by gifts of libraries, galleries, technical schools, and parks, but by the cessation of toil one day in seven and sixteen hours in the twenty-four, by the increase of wages, by the sparing of lives, by the prevention of accidents, and by raising the standards of domestic life, should the surplus come back to the people of the community in which it is created."

And here is something which hits hard, and which no sympathetic or just American can ignore:

"The unadorned fact remains that in our most highly developed industrial community, where the two greatest individual fortunes in history have been made, and where the foundations of the two most powerful business corporations have been laid, the mass of the workers in the master industry are driven as large numbers of laborers, whether slave or free, have scarcely before in human history been driven."

"The Pittsburg Survey" is no superficial comment. It dives deep into the lives of common men. The facts which it presents are there for us all to reckon with.

Classification

A RESTAURANT lists among its phonographic allurements the following:

"CARUSO, Grand Opera, and Music."

Some, whose taste is confined to symphonic and chamber music, will be pleased. The announcement deserves a place beside that lunch-counter legend which read: "Sandwiches and Food."

Censorship

WHY PLAGIARIZE foreign absurdities? The English censor has ever been a cause of discouragement among the educated, yet there is heard occasionally a suggestion that we should introduce a similar creature in this country. The Briton has recently forbidden a burlesque on DU MAURIER'S "An Englishman's Home." He is continuously occupied in drawing pencil-marks about single phrases and words in serious drama which do not please his taste. In our Land of Freedom clamor is raised not against light-hearted salubrity, from cheap variety up to "The Merry Widow," but against serious thought, such as caused the outcry against "Mrs. Warren's Profession." Likewise, in England, what frightens the censor is not gay abandonment, however vulgar, but the attempt to give frank consideration to topics of importance. The first duty of a censor is to complain of honesty and originality. Who was it that said England was governed by the Dull, who had never had more than one great idea—to call themselves the Respectable?

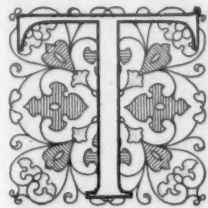
English Traits

DON'T TAKE THAT SENTENCE about Dulness and Respectability as our own opinion. Look at the Suffragettes. Englishwomen have been long marveled at by Americans and by visitors from the Continent for their meekness under masculine domination. The English distaste for illegalities, disorder, the spectacular, are things accepted. EMERSON talked about the languid Oxford gentlemen who thought that nothing was new, nothing was true, and nothing mattered, and he merely summarized remarks made by CHAUCER or OXONIANS some centuries earlier. Now come these ladies from the several classes that are the very strongholds of these same traditions, and fight and suffer and stand fast for their convictions after a fashion that is at least recognizably English in its tenacity. There are traits deep and traits superficial in a nation's make-up, and nowhere are the things on the surface less a clue to what is at the core than in England. The English worship the practical, the regular, the accepted; but it is not for its practicality they cherish the memory of the charge of the Light Brigade; it is not for his red-tape regularity that NELSON'S name is worshiped, and from Magna Charta to old-age pensions radical innovations have continuously starred their political history.

The Fight Against Cannonism

The Twelve Men Who Voted Against Cannon, and the Thirty-one Who Defeated the Old Rules

By MARK SULLIVAN



THE organization of the Lower House of Congress revealed two groups of courageous men. The first consists of twelve Republicans. They have opposed CANNON for two years or more, and they carried that opposition through the caucus of their party, which, in spite of the known feeling of the country, nominated CANNON for Speaker. These twelve Republicans voted against CANNON on the floor of the House. Their districts are given, as well as the counties and towns which compose their districts, because the loyal backing of their constituents is as much entitled to recognition as the personal courage of the members. The counties named in this list have better reason to be proud of their Representatives than any other constituencies.

Republican Congressmen Who Voted Against Cannon

VICTOR MURDOCK of Wichita, member for the Eighth District of Kansas, made up of the counties of Butler, Harvey, McPherson, Sedgwick, and Sumner.

HENRY ALLEN COOPER of Racine, member for the First District of Wisconsin, made up of the counties of Green, Kenosha, Lafayette, Racine, Rock, and Walworth.

IRVING L. LENROOT of Superior, member for the Eleventh District of Wisconsin, made up of the counties of Barron, Bayfield, Burnett, Chippewa, Douglas, Dunn, Pierce, Polk, Rusk, St. Croix, Sawyer, and Washburn.

ELMER ADDISON MORSE of Antigo, member for the Tenth District of Wisconsin, made up of the counties of Ashland, Florence, Forest, Iron, Langlade, Lincoln, Marathon, Oneida, Price, Shawano, Taylor, Vilas, and Wood.

ARTHUR W. KOPP of Plattville, member for the Third District of Wisconsin, made up of the counties of Crawford, Grant, Iowa, Juneau, Richland, Sank, and Vernon.

JOHN MANDT NELSON of Madison, member for the Second District of Wisconsin, made up of the counties of Adams, Columbia, Dane, Green Lake, Jefferson, and Marquette.

WILLIAM JOSEPH CARY of Milwaukee, member for the Fourth District of Wisconsin, made up of several wards of Milwaukee and the towns of South Milwaukee, Wauwatosa, Franklin, Greenfield, Lake, Oak Creek, Cudahy, and West Allis.

ELBERT HAMILTON HUBBARD of Sioux City, member for the Eleventh District of Iowa, made up of the counties of Buena Vista, Cherokee, Clay, Dickinson, Lyon, Ida, Monona, O'Brien, Osceola, Plymouth, Sac, Sioux, and Woodbury.

CHARLES RUSSELL DAVIS of St. Peter, member for the Third District of Minnesota, made up of the counties of Carver, Dakota, Goodhue, Lesueur, McLeod, Nicollet, Rice, Scott, and Sibley.

CHARLES A. LINDBERGH of Little Falls, member for the Sixth District of Minnesota, made up of the counties of Benton, Cass, Crowwing, Douglas, Hubbard, Meeker, Morrison, Sherburne, Stearns, Todd, Wadena, and Wright.

EDMUND HOWARD HINSHAW of Fairbury, member for the Fourth District of Nebraska, made up of the counties of Butler, Fillmore, Gage, Hamilton, Jefferson, Polk, Saline, Saunders, Seward, Thayer, and York.

MILES POINDEXTER of Spokane, Representative at large from the State of Washington.

These men who voted against CANNON have, for the present, on this issue, only the satisfaction of having stood by their convictions. CANNON was elected Speaker; but on the motion to adopt the old rules which gave CANNON most of his power, CANNON and the Cannon organization lost.

Republicans Who Voted Against the Old Cannon Rules

Thirty-one Republicans voted against the old rules and were the means of defeating them. These thirty-one include the twelve above named, who also voted against CANNON, and, in addition, the following:

MOSES P. KINKAID of O'Neill, member for the Sixth District of Nebraska, composed of the counties of Banner, Blaine, Boxbutte, Boyd, Brown, Buffalo, Cherry, Cheyenne, Custer, Dawes, Dawson, Deuel, Garfield, Grant, Greeley, Holt, Hooker, Howard, Keith, Keyapaha, Kimball, Lincoln, Logan, Loup, McPherson, Rock, Scotts Bluff, Sheridan, Sherman, Sioux, Thomas, Valley, and Wheeler.

GEORGE WILLIAM NORRIS of McCook, member for the Fifth District of Nebraska, composed of the counties of Adams, Chase, Clay, Dundy, Franklin, Frontier, Furnas, Gosper, Hall, Harlan, Hayes, Hitchcock, Kearney, Nuckolls, Perkins, Phelps, Redwillow, and Webster.

JAMES H. DAVIDSON of Oshkosh, member for the Eighth District of Wisconsin, made up of the counties of Calumet, Manitowoc, Portage, Waupaca, Waushara, and Winnebago.

EDMOND H. MADISON of Dodge City, member for the Seventh District of Kansas, made up of the counties of Barber, Barton, Clark, Comanche, Edwards, Finney, Ford, Grant, Gray, Greeley, Hamilton, Harper, Haskell, Hodgeman, Kearney, Kingman, Kiowa, Lane, Meade, Morton, Ness, Pawnee, Pratt, Reno, Rice, Rush, Scott, Seward, Stafford, Stanton, Stevens, and Wichita.

GUSTAV KÜSTERMANN of Green Bay, member for the Ninth District of Wisconsin, made up of the counties of Brown, Door, Kewaunee, Marinette, Oconto, and Outagamie.

CHARLES N. FOWLER of Elizabeth, member for the Fifth District of New Jersey, made up of the counties of Morris, Union, and Warren.

AUGUSTUS P. GARDNER of Hamilton, member for the Sixth District of Massachusetts, made up of the cities of Beverly, Gloucester, Haverhill, Newburyport, and Salem, and towns of Amesbury, Boxford, Danvers, Essex, Georgetown, Groveland, Hamilton, Ipswich, Manchester, Marblehead, Merrimac, Middleton, Newbury, Peabody, Rockport, Rowley, Salisbury, Swampscott, Topsfield, Wenham, and West Newbury.

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ANDREW J. VOLSTEAD of Granite Falls, member for the Seventh District of Minnesota, made up of the counties of Bigstone, Chippewa, Grant, Kandiyohi, Lac qui Parle, Lincoln, Lyon, Pope, Redwood, Renville, Stevens, Swift, Traverse, and Yellow Medicine.

ASLE J. GRONNA of Lakota, member at large from North Dakota.

EVERIS ANSON HAYES of San Jose, member for the Fifth District of California, made up of the counties of San Mateo and Santa Clara and part of San Francisco.

CHARLES E. PICKETT of Waterloo, member for the Third District of Iowa, made up of the counties of Black Hawk, Bremer, Buchanan, Butler, Delaware, Dubuque, Franklin, Hardin, and Wright.

FRANK P. WOODS of Estherville, member for the Tenth District of Iowa, made up of the counties of Boone, Calhoun, Carroll, Crawford, Emmet, Greene, Hamilton, Hancock, Humboldt, Kossuth, Palo Alto, Pocahontas, Webster, and Winnebago.

GILBERT N. HAUGEN of Northwood, member for the Fourth District of Iowa, made up of the counties of Allamakee, Cerro Gordo, Chickasaw, Clayton, Fayette, Floyd, Howard, Mitchell, Winneshiek, and Worth.

N. E. KENDALL of Albia, member for the Sixth District of Iowa, made up of the counties of Davis, Jasper, Keokuk, Mahaska, Monroe, Poweshiek, and Wapello.

WILLIAM C. LOVERING of Taunton, member for the Fourteenth District of Massachusetts, made up of the county of Barnstable, the cities of Taunton and Brockton, and the towns of Attleboro, Easton, Mansfield, Norton, Raynham, Cohasset, Abington, Bridgewater, Carver, Duxbury, East Bridgewater, Halifax, Hanover, Hanson, Hingham, Hull, Kingston, Lakeville, Marshfield, Middleboro, Norwell, Pembroke, Plymouth, Plympton, Rockland, Scituate, Wareham, West Bridgewater, and Whitman.

JAMES W. GOOD of Cedar Rapids, member for the Fifth District of Iowa, made up of the counties of Benton, Cedar, Grundy, Jones, Linn, Marshall, and Tama.

DAVID A. HOLLINGSWORTH of the Sixteenth District of Ohio, ADNA R. JOHNSON of the Tenth District of Ohio, and HALVOR STEENBERSON of the Ninth District of Minnesota are also entitled to credit for having voted with the insurgents against the old rules. After staying with the insurgents for several votes, they finally left to vote with the majority for a compromise. ESCH of Wisconsin would have voted with the insurgents, but was unavoidably absent.

These men won a substantial victory. The cartoon which appeared on this page two weeks ago, showing a Congressman in CANNON's private office asking permission to call up his bill, will never again be possible. No man with a proper purpose need ever go to CANNON's private chambers again. The members who have always considered these visits degrading can now perform the functions of their office as they could not before. The men named on this page won this victory by choosing the harder path for themselves. For the cost they paid, and must continue to pay so long as CANNON and his machine have power to visit resentment upon them, they should be compensated by the gratitude of the country. A good deal more than a normal proportion of them come from Wisconsin, Nebraska, Minnesota, and Iowa; more than a normal proportion are of Scandinavian origin; more than a normal proportion got part of their education at the University of Wisconsin.

Part of the Victory Lost Through Cannon Democrats

A share of the victory won by the insurgents was lost through a handful of Cannon Democrats. By the votes of these men, CANNON was able to retain for himself the important power of appointing all the committees. The chief result of this is the opportunity it gives him to visit resentment upon the insurgent Republicans by denying them the committee appointments to which their ability entitles them.

Does This Come from a Chastened Heart?

From Uncle JOE's speech of acceptance after he was elected Speaker: "We must subordinate personal feelings to the general good."

Let us hope so.

The Other Republicans

If your Representative is a Republican and is not among those whose names appear on this page, he voted for CANNON and also for the old rules which gave CANNON his power.

Who Heard These Promises?

Any person who heard the Hon. Irrigation BILL REEDER of the Sixth Kansas District make his public promises to vote against CANNON—by virtue of which promises he crept into Congress with a majority of 277 votes—will confer an obligation upon COLLIER's and contribute something to the sum of recorded human knowledge by sending us the exact language of the Hon. BILL's promise.

The same as to the Hon. ALFRED B. GARNER of the Twelfth Pennsylvania District. The same as to the Hon. JOHN H. PRAY of Montana.

Now for the Tariff

From now on, public attention should be focused on the tariff. At this present special session of Congress that is the only business to be considered. Everything else must wait till next December.

Dithyrambs and Cacomacaques

*The Expansive and Lyrical Haitians—Their Dinners and Duels and Substitutes for Marriage
—and the Tragedy that Underlies the Surface Drolleries of the Black Republic*

By ARTHUR RUHL

Photographs by JAMES H. HARE



A typical house in Port au Prince, where fires are never needed and windows rarely closed



The palm-tree and stand known as "Altar of the Country" which is a familiar sight in every Haitian town



Logwood, one of the leading exports of Haiti, piled on the beach awaiting shipment

THE night before President Simon was elected there was a banquet at our little hotel in Port au Prince. A German concessionaire, trimming his sails for the new wind, had arranged the dinner, and the guests included one of the President's sons, two or three white merchants, and several young blacks and mulattoes who were fluttering feverishly, and it was supposed rather closely, about the new government. From the veranda, where I was reading the evening paper in which all good Haitians were urged to offer their "sterile dissensions en holocauste à la Patrie," I could watch the diners addressing one another with that studied and almost Parisian elegance which the Haitian so loves to assume in public, and at the same time hear the sharp "ket-voos" of the sentinels on the Champs de Mars near by, and from somewhere out of the warm, black night the strangely thrilling beat of tom-toms at a native dance.

This palpitating "Thump! Thump-ti-tump! Thump-ti-ti-ti-ti-ti-tump-tump!" rising in quick syncopations on the tepid breeze until it seems almost at hand, then dying away in a low muffled throb that comes apparently from the verdure-buried depths of some mountain gorge, is one of the common voices of the night in Haiti—a constant overtone, as it were, vaguely savage, sensuous, echoing from beneath the mask of ordinary things. It struck in strangely on this conventional dinner, even as the airy demeanor of the guests contrasted with the funereal cries rising and falling over the sleeping city—those "clameurs sinistres," as a Haitian novelist has called them, the "qui-vive de nos légionnaires veillant sur la dolente Haiti."

One dapper young negro, near the head of the table, attracted especial attention. He was determined that he should. He was constantly proposing toasts, calling out vivaciously to those at the other end of the table, and in general taking the responsibility of the affair upon himself. He had been sent abroad to study engineering and had come back with a suit of American clothes and one of those green felt hats which were so frequent along Broadway last autumn, and whenever one met him he would shake hands and bow and say: "Very-well-thank-you—and you?" with such explosiveness as quite to deprive one of breath or the ability to frame a reply. He was one of the young men on whom, theoretically at least, this undeveloped country ought to depend, and I could not but think of the tremendously solemn and utilitarian advice about roads, water systems, irrigation canals, and what-not a young American similarly situated would have felt it necessary to give. No speeches had been planned, but when the table was cleared he could no longer restrain himself, and, jumping to his feet, he soared into declamatory French verse. Hugo, De Musset, Lamartine—I don't know just which it was, but something with a superb "Sur mon cœur!" (both hands pressed over his heart as if that expansive organ were about to leap through his coat) and a "plus clair que l'astre du soir" twanged from a lyre dripping sighs and tears.

His exhibition fired another young man, who, jumping up and raising his glass, dashed into a toast in heroic French verse, several hundred words long, and nobody knows when this flood of temperament would have been checked had not some strong man pushed his chair back and started for the veranda. Introductions all round followed, the lyrical engineer taking charge and giving each name every possible syllable that could be attached to it: "Monsieur le docteur Turnbull—Monsieur le Secrétaire d'état aux relations imaginaires," etc., etc. The other young man, not to be outdone, soared into another dithyrambic toast "to that great human family of which we were all," etc., etc. Then we said good night all round, shook hands—then, with renewed enthusiasm,

did it all over again—*Encore messieurs! Bon soir!*—until the party finally tore itself away and disappeared into the brilliant tropic night.

It is with no intention of criticizing these amiable gentlemen that I have mentioned this incident, but merely to call attention to that "expansiveness" which is so characteristic of the Haitian temperament. "It is not our fault," as one of their writers has remarked, "if we are all born poets," and in fact it might be said that every Haitian has a "lyre aux cordes pleureuses" under his coat which he is only waiting the chance to whip out and twang upon. All day long in Port au Prince the politicians sit in little groups in the bars and cafés, with their glasses of rum and their cacomacaque sticks as big almost as baseball clubs, and their solemn frock coats, and listen while one of their number recounts some tiny adventure of the hour or expounds his opinion on the "disorientation of our unhappy country," etc., etc., with a prodigality of gesture and florid phrase scarcely to be exceeded were he addressing the Chamber of Deputies. Just as the caressing murmur of French phrases enchants them even when they scarcely know what they mean, so they dress themselves up in all sorts of French veneers without considering how little there may be underneath, as the blacks of Toussaint's time threw off their backs the coffee-sacks and sugar they had carried as slaves and hopped into the uniforms of French generals. Their fondness for musical and high-sounding names borrowed from French and classical literature—Télémaque, Cicéron, Altidor, Neptune, Louis Bonaparte, Demosthenes, Voltaire, and the like—is a habit handed down doubtless from slave days when there, as in our own country, such names as Pompey and Caesar were commonly applied to slaves. The witty and not altogether reliable Texier avers that the Haitians even borrow names from botany and chemistry, and he mentions one gentleman of the name of Oxygène—surely a perfectly good name, almost as euphonious as Eugene and scarcely more illogical than the Pearls and Rubies we have at home. And, however extraordinary may be the things done and said under the sway of this exuberance, the average Haitians never dream that they are not intimately familiar with the final points of *ton* and *tenue*, and what might be considered merely clownish and vulgar in other societies they are convinced is quite "Tartarinesque" and proves conclusively that they are full of "l'esprit gaulois."

The "point d'honneur" is an exceedingly delicate thing, naturally, among such a people, and one dark gentleman must be very scrupulous about the tone of voice in which he intimates to another gentleman that he hopes they will meet again lest the second gentleman, with a curt bow, reply: "Wherever, whenever, and however you wish, Monsieur!" and send round his seconds the next morning. The first paper I picked up in Haiti, the little "Le Cable" of Cape Haitien, contained a lengthy correspondence between two gentlemen of that town whose efforts to meet each other on the field of honor had been temporarily frustrated by the failure of the jury to meet and declare which was the aggrieved party. The one who thought he had this honor concluded his remarks, however, with the request that the other "would make no retrac-

tion, in order that he might measure himself" with his opponent. And while we were in Port au Prince a returned exile sent to the "Nouvelliste" one day the following:

"M. EDMOND POLYNICE—EN VILLE

"MONSIEUR:

"Desiring to be certain as to the meaning of the remarks you made at St. Thomas, at the home of General Albert Salnave, and of the ironical gestures which you constantly indulged in during the passage from St. Thomas to Port au Prince, it would give me infinite pleasure to know without delay whether or not you intended them to have any significance, in order that I may know what action to take.

"I salute you, Monsieur, parfaitement.

"O. CASTOR."

The signature or "paraphe" is another matter of grave importance to the ordinary Haitian, and he spends almost as much time over it as an architect would in designing a house. And as Haitians are constantly changing their names or adding to them by taking the name of some ancestor, the newspapers almost always contain some such notice as that "the undersigned has the honor to announce to the public and to commerce in general that he will no longer be known as Jean Baptiste Demosthenes Lebour Fabius, but as Fabius Lebour, signing himself, however, *tout simplement*, with the same *paraphe*."

Count Lemonade and Other Nobles

IN THEIR day, to be sure, the Haitians have even indulged in a nobility, and when Soulouque made himself Emperor Faustin I in 1852, he created also four princes of the blood, fifty-nine dukes, and numerous marquises, counts, and barons. Among them were the Duke of Marmalade and the Count Lemonade (*Marmalade* and *Limonade* were districts in Haiti), the Prince du Sale-Tron, and the Marquis de la Seringue. Soulouque was born a slave, but he had a very vivid conviction of his nobility, once he was in power, and he is said to have leaned out of a window of his palace on at least one occasion and yelled at a Spanish diplomat who was passing below: "What does that white mean by passing by without saluting my palace!" He was finally banished, "to the great despair," as Texier puts it, of "amateurs of anecdotes," and the nobility passed away. Christophe, the second ruler of Haiti, really succeeded in cutting a pretty imposing figure as a grand monarch. It was he who built near Cape Haitien the famous Sans Souci and the citadel above it, the ruins of which may be seen from the harbor to-day.

Sans Souci was a sort of African Versailles, designed and built by Frenchmen whom Christophe imported. The citadel was on the top of an almost inaccessible mountain near by. The tradition is that thirty thousand men lost their lives during its construction. Christophe would set a certain number of days for the completion of a piece of work. If the work was not done on time he would have, it is said, one workman thrown off the top of the rock for each day exceeding the limit. The method was scarcely economical, but there were plenty of subjects, and the final result was a fortress well-nigh impregnable, except against starvation, filled with secret passages and galleries bristling with French cannon, beautifully molded and decorated as cannon were in those days. Foreigners are not allowed to visit the citadel to-day except by very special permission, but you can buy post-cards with pictures of the ruined galleries and "le canon favori du roi" and "de la reine." Christophe never had a chance to test his Gibraltar, for his men turned on him one day and he shot himself to escape assassination.

The obvious insignia of gentility to-day are the revolver, the cacomacaque, and the top hat and frock coat. The cacomacaque cane is cut from a certain palm, light

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but dense and very durable. Policemen use these canes to beat their prisoners, officers use them in place of swords, and all but those of the lowest class generally carry them. In spite of the tremendous heat a frock coat and high hat must be worn by every one who wishes to be taken *au sérieux*, and of course to doctors and lawyers they are indispensable. One of the first things one notices on landing in a Haitian town is these solemn gentlemen in their insufferably hot garments, picking their way through refuse and razor-backed hogs down the middle of the narrow street. The revolver is a rather higher mark of gentility, and of course the politician never knows when he may have to use one. The delegates who boarded our steamer on their way to Port au Prince were walking armaments. All had revolvers, some knives and *machetes*, and one deputy carried a rusty old rifle "*pour bombarder la capitale*," as the little Jesuit priest whispered, coming over to my side of the deck after he had solemnly greeted the militant statesman on the other.

The author of "*Aux Pays des Généraux*" estimates the Haitian army to consist of 18,000 generals and 200 men, but of course he had to live up to his title, and he may be assumed to be somewhat prejudiced. It is nevertheless almost as true that Haitians are born generals as that they are born with a tearful lyre in their hands. Some are generals before they are born. Every one is told in Port au Prince of the man who, for some political service, received a general's commission for an unborn child which, inconveniently, turned out to be a girl. A friend of mine who never saw Haiti now holds a general's commission in the Haitian army because during the regular course of his duties as reporter on a New York paper he wrote interviews with a Haitian exile which pleased the next administration.

Adventures with the Haitian Army

MOST of these warriors take themselves very seriously. While strolling about Cape Haitien the day our steamer touched there we passed the *délégués* headquarters. The country being in a state of revolution, the place was noisy with soldiers, and at the street crossing four tiny cannon glowered down each street. The moment Mr. Hare pointed his camera at one of these miniature guns there was a great hubbub and waving of swords and *cacomaques*; and we retired under the impression that only retreat would prevent our immediate slaughter. Even when we returned later under the wing of the American Consul the same manifestations were repeated and a score of excited warriors surrounded the guns so as to screen them from view. Mr. Hare took a picture of them, which he sent home with many others in an envelope fastened with string but not sealed. When the envelope arrived in New York the others were safe, but that particular betrayal of Haitian military secrets was gone.

Generally speaking, however, I should say that a camera was one of the most effective weapons with which to advance against a Haitian army. Many times when our position seemed to be one of imminent peril the magic picture-box acted as an open sesame before which bayonets were lowered and scowling warriors melted into delighted smiles. We touched at Gonaïves the same morning the Revolutionary Committee arrived from Port au Prince to demand the resignation of the General of Arrondissement, a curious, little monkey-like fellow, with a terrific reputation for cruelty, of the name of Rameau. Had not the United States ship *Dolphin* accompanied the Haitians and warned them that if they attacked the defenseless city they would be fired on there would doubtless have been a spirited family party. As it was, Rameau just escaped the mob and was rowed to our steamer that afternoon without having had time to put his shoes on. In the morning, however, he was still nominally supreme, and he had ordered that no one be allowed to land. Inasmuch as no state of war had been declared this seemed a trifle arbitrary, and we decided to go ashore in spite of it. Met at the wharf by an officer, we were promptly escorted to the guard-house, and as we were about to walk demurely out, sentries with bayonets suddenly blocked the way in front and in the rear, and an officer shouted: "*Attention, messieurs!*"

He started in to ask us where we were born and what we were doing, tried to get the General of Arrondissement on the telephone, but in his excitement seemed unable to make the telephone work, and all in all acted as if convinced that he had just captured important prisoners of state. A few deferential words reassured him somewhat, and when I told him that we merely wanted to take a look at his extremely interesting city he melted, and, remarking with some pride: "It isn't bad," asked if we didn't want an escort. We declined this, and it was while drifting through the streets alone that we came upon the terrific little Rameau bidding farewell to his army. Knowing his reputation and not knowing what the ceremony was about, the soldiers and the drums and screaming bugles looked formidable enough, but the instant the local Nero caught sight of the camera he took off his cap politely, struck an attitude, with one foot slightly advanced, *cacomaque* thrust firmly into the ground and the general air of Ajax defying the lightning. And the end of it all was that we shook hands and exchanged cards with half the army, while the dreaded Rameau never saw us on the streets of Port au Prince afterward without bowing as if we were life-long friends.

Haitian family life is so curious from our point of view that some mention of it is necessary in any discussion of Haitian manners and customs, although there is no space here to give this complex subject the consideration it deserves. As is pretty generally known, marriage, as we know it, is very little practised in Haiti. Indeed, it is almost unknown outside of what is called "*la société haïtienne*," which, so educated Haitians will assure you, is "a rigorous guardian of the principles and, in certain respects, the prejudices of French education." Mothers are only solicitous that their daughters be *placé*, placed, with some reliable man, preferably a

young unmarried man who will take good care of them and their children. This custom, established by long usage, seems to them quite as natural and proper as our legal and religious ceremony. Without going into the final results of such a system, it can at least be said that it bestows certain temporary mercies—natural children are received on practically the same basis as legitimate ones, and no disgrace whatever attaches to motherhood without marriage.

Another curious condition is the endlessly complicated mixture of black and white, even that of children of markedly different colors in the same family. Marriages between Europeans and Haitians have not been uncommon and many of them seem to have continued happily. An illustration of the interesting social phenomena which may result is given in the Haitian novel "*Séna*." I do not know the source of this particular episode, but most of the characters in the book are lifted very literally from contemporary Haitian life. In an early chapter, in describing the family of Senator Rorotte—



Pausing near Port au Prince to rest and water the locomotives. The latter's name is "Progress"

a typical, big, well-meaning, ignorant mulatto—the author, Mr. Fernand Hibbert, mentions his daughter Matoute, the "real strong mind of the family."

The Rise of a Lady of Fashion

SHE was not pretty, but she had a certain *je ne sais quoi*, and both she and her father were determined that she should marry a white. The plan decided on was that they should start a dry-goods store—the heart's desire of most Haitians—import a white man to act as proprietor, and marry him to Matoute. She had explained it carefully.

"Listen, papa," said she, "every year there are a hundred thousand Germans, who, dying of hunger in their own country, emigrate to other countries without a cent. When you go to Europe you will sign a contract with one of those one hundred thousand who haven't a sou, and as he will be dependent upon you and as you will always possess the capital, the scheme will fairly go itself and your daughter will become a great lady."

"You are right, you are right," said Rorotte, delighted. "I would have preferred un *petit français*. They are winning, they know how to talk—"

"No, no, papa, no! No Frenchman! A German—a big German."

"Very well, very well, my child. We shall give you a big German."

Some months afterward, as the Haitian Senator sat dozing before the fire in his hotel in Paris, the boy who generally brought him his laundry came in with a bill. When Rorotte made some remark, the boy responded in an extraordinary Teutonic-French which astonished the good Senator.

"Ah, so you are not French, my good fellow?" The boy explained as well as he could that he came from Mainz; that circumstances made it necessary for him to work in France; and in order not to die of hunger he had found a job in a laundry, but he hoped to emigrate to Brazil as soon as he had saved up a bit. In other words, Rorotte had before him a German deserter. He thought for a moment, as he looked the poor devil over, who, silent, with a very humble attitude, turned his hat

round and round in his great paws. He was a huge fellow, rosy and with blond hair cut short. Rorotte asked him how he would like to go to Haiti.

"The eyes of the poor lad flashed. Haiti! For that wretched one it was some far-off Eldorado waved before his eyes. Haiti! Paradise of his brothers in distress!"

"I will pay your first cabin passage," said Rorotte. "I will employ you in a commercial house which I am about to start at Port au Prince. I will pay you five hundred francs a month plus board and lodging. Later, if I am satisfied with you, I will give you the management of the establishment besides, and keep still another surprise in store for you. Would you like to go?"

"The man fell on his knees, wrung Rorotte's hands, and swore that Rorotte was his Providence."

And in the epilogue, one reads, "Under the vigorous management of Kraussmann, Mme. Rorotte's business has become the solid bank 'Kraussmann & Company.' Matoute has married Kraussmann, and people who affected to disdain her before overwhelm her with calls to-day and are dizzy with pride if she spends five minutes with them, and they manage that every one shall know that Mme. Kraussmann was at our house to-day and spent the whole afternoon with us. And when Mme. Kraussmann, haughty as an idol, passes motionless and erect in her carriage, she enjoys a marvelous pleasure in imagining that all Port au Prince is petrified and regards her with admiration, rage, and envy. And that sentiment makes all her happiness."

The Tragedy Under the Dithyrambs

ONE could go on enumerating Haitian differences and drolleries, but the eye soon becomes accustomed to the most obvious of them, and the lot of the Haitians under their grotesqueness is so essentially tragic that one soon ceases to regard them merely as a cause for jocularity. In the preceding articles

I have suggested some of the reasons why the Haitians so commonly speak of "our unhappy country" and mentioned the peculiarly difficult situation of that educated minority who understand their country's needs yet find themselves helpless between the inert lower class, which asks only to be left alone, and the ignorant militarism of those who rule.

The Haitian politician exhibits two very well defined phases—out of power he is gentle as a sucking dove, but the country is going to the bow-wows and everything is very *triste* and *malheureux*; in power, he is a raging lion, but Haiti is the best republic in the best of all possible worlds.

All efforts to improve the country then, all that discussion through the press and otherwise, which is assumed as a matter of course in more enlightened countries, is prohibited and punished. A very typical example of this occurred in the latter days of the Nord Alexis régime. Dr. Leon Audain, a physician graduated from a Paris medical school, a member of the Legion of Honor, and an intelligent and public-spirited Haitian, wrote a series of articles for a paper called "*Le Pacificateur*." Another Port au Prince paper, "*Le Matin*," had been conducting a campaign for Anglo-Saxon education as opposed to French education, and in his articles Dr. Audain analyzed Anglo-Saxon and Latin characteristics, discussed the possibilities of the Negro race, and then taking up such specific subjects as the Army, Education, etc., pointed out some of the difficulties under which Haiti is laboring and what would tend to their solution. The articles were published in pamphlet form while I was in Port au Prince, under the title "*Le Mal d'Haiti, Ses Causes et Son Traitement*"—purely a social study, written with moderation and quite impersonal.

Especially interesting, coming from a Haitian with a physician's training, were his remarks on the negro's future. Granting all that anthropologists say about the inferior size of the African brain and the differences in facial angles, Dr. Audain would not admit that such measurements determined finally the "essence of the cerebral tissue itself" and its possibilities of development. The African's backwardness was caused, he thought, by the tropical environment in which he had always lived, and which had tended to keep him in a state of nature. Once a race had acquired that habit they might go on in an indefinite circle until special circumstances came to break that circle and push them into new paths. And he called attention to Haitian families of blacks, who after cultivating their brains through several generations, now presented a type very different from the original African and approaching much nearer to the Caucasian.

In short, here was a book which discussed intelligently questions of vital importance to all Haitians. The most significant chapter in the book, pointing out the lamentable results of the distrust which exists between government and governed in Haiti, was refused by "*Le Pacificateur*" altogether, on the ground that it was too dangerous. It did, however, publish the one on the army in which Dr. Audain mildly pointed out what is painfully obvious to every traveler, that a great deal of the country's vitality is thrown away on an army useless to repel invasion and principally occupied in making trouble at home.

"He closed with an eloquent appeal to the politicians to save their country by using themselves the same remedies which foreigners would use on them, and to prevent intervention by proving that they could govern themselves."

No sooner had this article appeared than the "regenerator," Nord Alexis, stamped into the office of "*Le Pacificateur*" in a violent rage, suppressed the paper, discharged its editor from his position as professor in the Lycée National, and ordered his Minister of Interior to express to Dr. Audain his *extrême mécontentement*. The letter which M. Audain felt obliged to write to the President is so typical of the grotesque humiliations which Haitians have to endure from their ignorant mili-

tary chiefs that it seems worth quoting in part. It should not be forgotten that this communication, addressed as if to the Grand Monarch, was written by an educated man to a doddering old negro who scarcely knew how to read or write.

"Port au Prince, le 24 Septembre, 1908.

"A Son Excellence M. le Général Nord Alexis,
"Président de la République d'Haiti,
"Au Palais National.

"Monsieur le Président:

"I had the honor to see this morning Monsieur the Minister of the Interior and of the General Police, who informed me of your extreme displeasure at the subject of an article of mine appearing in the 'Pacificateur' of the 18th inst. Although not having committed any illegal act by the simple publication of a general critical study, I promised M. the Minister of the Interior, because of my desire to be personally agreeable to you, to write to Your Excellency, in order to demonstrate the impersonal and innocuous character of the article and thus to efface the bad impression which wrongly interpreted, it might produce on your mind. . . ."

After a laborious and patient explanation, as if to a child, of this point, he continues:

"You will permit me, Excellence, to say to you that the foreigner knows better than many Haitians what is going on in our country. The agents which they have everywhere inform their governments with the greatest

exactitude about whatever they wish to know. Consequently, I have taught the foreigner nothing new about our military organization. . . ."

"Can any one see in the description which I have written an unpatriotic act? Excellence, Docteur Audain has proved too well since his return to Haiti that he loves his country for such an idea to occur to any one. . . ."

"I hope the day will come when, in the face of our menaced Fatherland, all those hates which separate us will cease, when all, united under the same banner will be able to defend, if not successfully, at least gloriously, the one spot on earth where the negro has the right to walk with head erect.

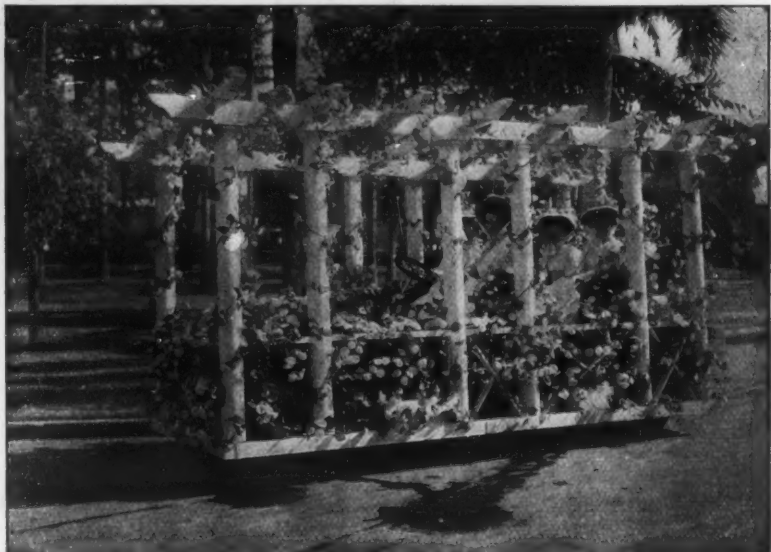
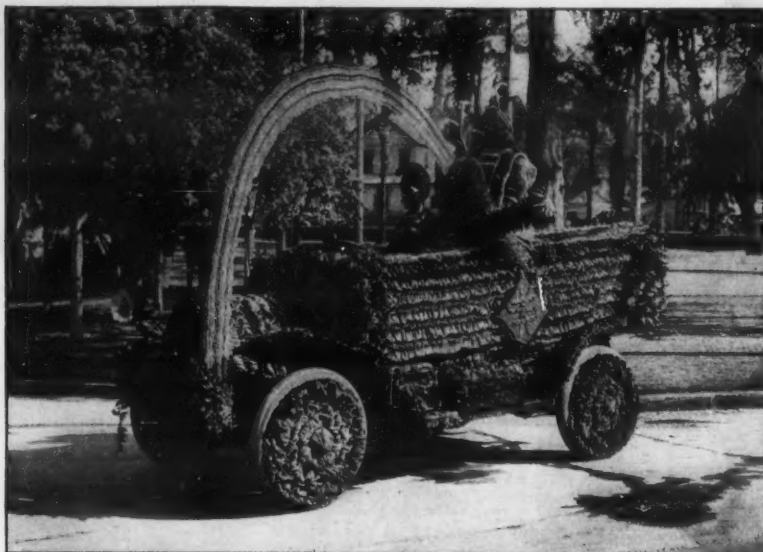
"I am not a politician. I know nothing of politics, which, moreover, do not interest me, but I love my country. My one ambition is to be useful to it, and if my feeble voice can have any influence on the high decisions which you are susceptible of taking, I would say to you, of whom every one recognizes the great patriotism: 'President, be he who by a great clemency shall bring about concord between all children of Haiti to safeguard our independence, for the hour is a solemn one. As under Dessalines, but by other means, you must save our country.'"

So end the best-meant intentions of public-spirited Haitians to help their country. If such an experience seems an argument that a foreign government should step in and depose these stupid chiefs, it ought no less

to stir a little fellow-feeling and sympathy for those who are working to make their people capable of governing themselves.

No open-minded foreigner can live among the Haitians for a few weeks, seeing the results of this struggle—little pamphlets published at the authors' expense, endless communications in the newspapers, hectic orations over the rum glasses in little bars and cafés; ignorant often, amusingly dithyrambic, yet the result of a very real intellectual groping and unrest—without having such a sympathy and fellow-feeling stirred. Happy-go-lucky children of a Nature that dulls and stupefies while it mothers and protects, they have suddenly been commanded to work and think for themselves—lifted from their tropic paradise, as it were, to confront our grim and relentless north. Grotesque they naturally are, but they are humans nevertheless, fighting with the exaggerated fear and savagery of outcasts who feel that every hand is against them for a little corner of the earth where they can hold up their hands and work out their own destiny.

THIS is the last of a series of three articles written by Mr. Ruhl as a result of his visit to Haiti at the time of the recent revolution in the Black Republic. The other two were published: "Unhappy Haiti," February 6, 1909; "Vive A. T. Simon!" February 20, 1909.



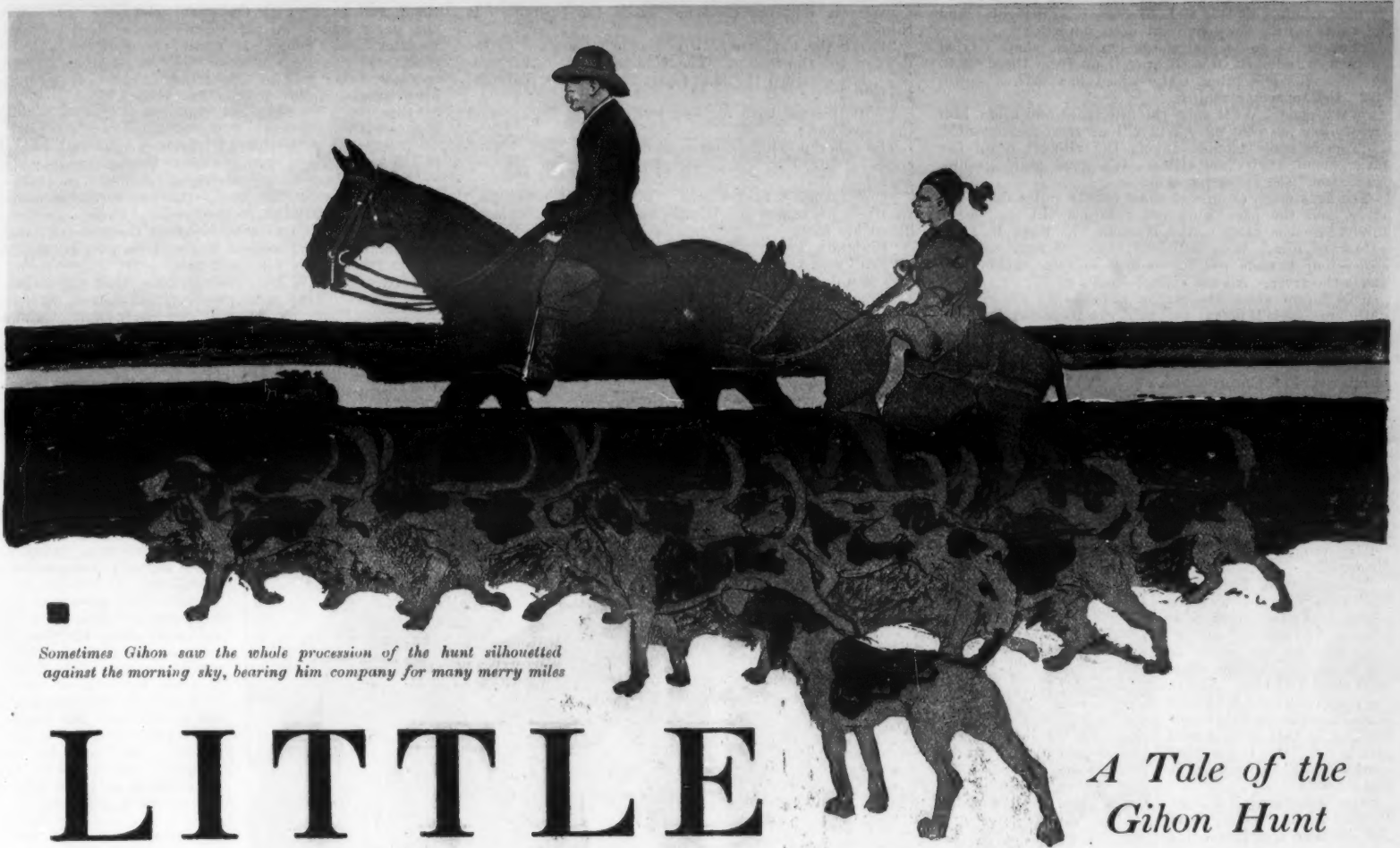
Hawaii's Annual Washington's Birthday Floral Parade

These two prize-winning cars may well be chosen as types of the many that gathered for the day's display. The one represents the native spirit in its exposition of the "Rainbow Legend," while the other pictures the new era—the American Suzerainty,—the coming of the white islander, the beauty and charm of the fairer conquest



The New Cabinet

From left to right: The President; Franklin MacVeagh, Treasury; George W. Wickersham, Attorney-General; George von L. Meyer, Navy; James Wilson, Agriculture; Charles Nagel, Commerce and Labor; Philander C. Knox, State; Jacob M. Dickinson, War; Frank H. Hitchcock, Postmaster-General; Richard A. Ballinger, Interior



Sometimes Gihon saw the whole procession of the hunt silhouetted against the morning sky, bearing him company for many merry miles

LITTLE FOXES

By RUDYARD KIPLING

Illustrated by C. B. FALLS

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*A Tale of the
Gihon Hunt*

IN the United States where fox-hunting is confined to two or three small districts, it is difficult to understand the extent to which the sport exists to-day in England, Ireland, and Scotland. There are no less than 159 foxhound packs in England and Wales, containing 6,040 couples of hounds; in Scotland, 10 packs with 353 couples; and in Ireland, 24 packs, of 884 couples. In these three countries 50,000 men and women follow the hounds every week of the hunting season, which lasts for about five months. According to a recent estimate there is over \$78,000,000 invested in the sport in Great Britain and over \$43,000,000 is spent annually.—EDITOR'S NOTE



FOX came out of his earth on the banks of the great River Gihon, which waters Ethiopia. He saw a white man riding through the dry durra-stalks, and, that his destiny might be fulfilled, barked at him. The rider drew rein among the villagers round his stirrup. "What," said he, "is that?" "That," said the Sheikh of the village, "is a fox, O Excellency our Governor."

"It is not, then, a jackal?" "No jackal, but Abu Hussein, the father of cunning." "Also," the white man spoke half-aloud, "I am Mudir of this Province."

"It is true," they cried. "Ya, Saart el Mudir" (O Excellency our Governor).

The great River Gihon, well used to the moods of kings, slid between his mile-wide banks toward the sea while the Governor praised God in a loud and searching cry never before heard by the river.

When he had lowered his right forefinger from behind his right ear, the villagers talked to him of their crops—barley, durra, millet, onions, and the like. The Governor stood in his stirrups. North he looked up a strip of green cultivation a few hundred yards wide that lay like a carpet between the river and the tawny line of the desert. Sixty miles that strip stretched before him, and sixty miles behind. At every half-mile a groaning water-wheel lifted the soft water from the river to the crops by way of a mud-built aqueduct. A foot or so wide was the water-channel; five foot or more high was the bank on which it ran, and its base was broad in proportion. Abu Hussein, misnamed the Father of Cunning, drank from the stream below his earth, and his shadow was long in the low sun. He could not understand the loud cry which the Governor had cried.

The Sheikh of the Village spoke of the crops from which the rulers of all lands draw revenue, but the Governor's eyes were fixed, between his horse's ears, on the nearest water-channel.

"Very like a ditch in Ireland," he murmured, and smiled, dreaming of a razor-topped bank in distant Kildare.

Encouraged by that smile, the Sheikh continued: "When crops fail it is necessary to remit taxation. Then it is a good thing, O Excellency our Governor, that you come and see the crops which have failed, and discover we have not lied."

"Assuredly." The Governor shortened his reins. The horse cantered on, rose at the embankment of the water-channel, changed leg cleverly on top, and hopped down in a cloud of golden dust.

March 27

Abu Hussein from his earth watched with interest. He had never before seen such doings.

"Assuredly," the Governor repeated, and came back by the way he had gone. "It is always best to see for oneself."

An ancient and still bullet-speckled stern-wheel steamer, with a barge lashed to her side, came round the river bend. She whistled to tell the Governor his dinner was ready, and the horse, seeing his fodder piled on the barge, whinnied back.

"Moreover," the Sheikh added, "in the days of the oppression the Emirs and their creatures dispossessed many people of their lands. All up and down the river our people are waiting to return to their lawful fields." "Judges have been appointed to settle that matter," said the Governor. "They will presently come in steamers and hear the witnesses."

"Wherefore? Did the Judges kill the Emirs? We would rather be judged by the men who executed God's judgment on the Emirs. We would rather abide by your decision, O Excellency our Governor."

The Governor nodded. It was a year since he had seen the Emirs stretched close and still round the red-dened sheepskin where lay El Mahdi, the Prophet of God. Now there remained no trace of their dominion except the old steamer, once part of a Dervish flotilla, which was his house and office. She sidled into the shore, lowered a plank, and the Governor followed his horse aboard.

Lights burned on her till late, dully reflected in the river that tugged at her mooring-ropes. The Governor read, not for the first time, the administration reports of one John Jorrocks, M.F.H.

"We shall need," he said suddenly to his Inspector, "about ten couple. I'll get 'em when I go home. You'll be Whip, Baker?"

The Inspector, who was not yet twenty-five, signified his assent in the usual manner, while Abu Hussein barked at the vast desert moon.

"Ha!" said the Governor, coming out in his pajamas, "we'll be giving you capivi in another three months, my friend!"



T WAS four, as a matter of fact, ere a steamer with a melodious bargeful of hounds anchored at that landing. The Inspector leaped down among them, and the homesick wanderers received him as a brother.

"Everybody fed 'em everything on board ship; but they're real dainty hounds at bottom," the Governor explained. "That's Royal you've got hold of—the pick of the bunch—and

the bitch that's got hold of you—she's a little excited—is 'May Queen. Merriman, out of Cottesmore Maudlin, you know."

"I know. Grand old bitch with the tan eyebrows," the Inspector cooed. "Oh, Ben! I shall take an interest in life now. Hark to 'em! Oh, hark!"

Abu Hussein, under the high bank, went about his night's work. An eddy carried his scent to the barge, and three villages heard the crash of music that followed. Even then Abu Hussein did not know better than to bark in reply.

"Well, what about my Province?" the Governor asked.

"Not so bad," the Inspector answered, with Royal's head between his knees. "Of course, all the villages want remission of taxes, but, as far as I can see, the whole country's stinkin' with foxes. Our trouble will be chop-pin' 'em in cover. I've got a list of the only villages entitled to any remission. What d'you call that flat-sided, blue-mottled beast with the jowl?"

"Beagle-boy. I have my doubts about him. Do you think we can get two days a week?"

"Easy, and as many byes as you please. The Sheikh of this village here tells me that his barley has failed, and he wants a fifty per cent remission."

"We'll begin with him to-morrow, and look at his crops as we go. Nothing like personal supervision," said the Governor.

They began at sunrise. The pack flew off the barge in every direction, and, after gambols, dug like terriers at Abu Hussein's many earths. Then they drank themselves pot-bellied on Gihon water while the Governor and the Inspector chastised them with whips. Scorpions were added; for May Queen nosed one, and was removed to the barge lamenting. Mystery (a puppy, alas!) met a snake, and the blue-mottled Beagle-boy (never a dainty hound) ate that which he should have passed by. Only Royal, of the Belvoir tan head and the sad, discerning eyes, made any attempt to uphold the honor of England before the watching village.

"You can't expect everything," said the Governor after breakfast.

"We got it, though—everything except foxes. Have you seen May Queen's nose?" said the Inspector.

"And Mystery's dead. We'll keep 'em coupled next time till we get well in among the crops. I say, what a babbling body-snatcher that Beagle-boy is! Ought to be drowned!"

"They bury people so dam casual hereabouts. Give him another chance," the Inspector pleaded, not knowing that he should live to repent most bitterly.

"Talkin' of chances," said the Governor, "this Sheikh lies about his barley bein' a failure. If it's high enough

to hide a hound at this time of year, it's all right. And he wants a fifty per cent remission, you said?"

"You didn't go on past the melon patch where I tried to turn Wanderer. It's all burned up from there on to the desert. His other water-wheel has broken down, too," the Inspector replied.

"Very good. We'll split the difference and allow him twenty-five per cent off. Where'll we meet to-morrow?"

"There's some trouble among the villages down the river about their land-titles. It's good goin' ground there, too," the Inspector said.

The next meet, then, was some twenty miles down the river, and the pack were not enlarged till they were fairly into the fields. Abu Hussein was there in force—four of him. Four delirious hunts of four minutes each—four hounds per fox—ended in four earths just above the river. All the village looked on.

"We forgot about the earths. The banks are riddled with 'em. This'll defeat us," said the Inspector.

"Wait a moment!" The Governor drew forth a sneezing hound. "I've just remembered I'm Governor of these parts."

"Then turn out a black battalion to stop for us. We'll need 'em, old man."

The Governor straightened his back. "Give ear, O people!" he cried. "I make a new law!"

The villagers closed in. He called:

"Henceforward I will give one dollar to the man on whose land Abu Hussein is found. And another dollar"—he held up the coin—"to the man on whose land these dogs shall kill him. But to the man on whose land Abu Hussein shall run into a hole such as is this hole, I will give not dollars, but a most unmeasurable beating. Is it understood?"

"Our Excellency," a man stepped forth, "on my land Abu Hussein was found this morning. Is it not so, brothers?"

None denied. The Governor tossed him over four dollars without a word.

"On my land they all went into their holes," cried another. "Therefore I must be beaten."

"Not so. The land is mine, and mine are the beatings."

This second speaker thrust forward his shoulders already bared, and the villagers shouted.

"Hullo! Two men anxious to be licked? There must be some game on about the land," said the Governor. Then in the local vernacular: "What are your rights to the beating?"

As a river-reach changes under a slant of the sun, that which had been a scattered mob changed to a court of most ancient justice. The hounds tore and sobbed at Abu Hussein's hearthstone, all unnoticed among the legs of the witnesses, and Gihon, also accustomed to laws, purred approval.

"You will not wait till the Judges come up the river to settle the dispute?" said the Governor at last.

"No!" shouted all the village save the man who had first asked to be beaten. "We will abide by our Excellency's decision. Let our Excellency turn out the creatures of the Emirs who stole our land in the days of the Oppression."

"And thou sayest?" the Governor turned to the man who had first asked to be beaten.

"I say I will wait till the wise Judges come down in the steamer. Then I will bring my many witnesses," he replied. "He is rich. He will bring many witnesses," the village Sheikh muttered.

"No need. Thy own mouth condemns thee!" the Governor cried. "No man lawfully entitled to his land would wait one hour before entering upon it. Stand aside!" The man fell back, and the village jeered him.

The second claimant stooped quickly beneath the lifted hunting-crop. The village rejoiced.

"Oh, Such an one; Son of Such an one," said the Governor, prompted by the Sheikh, "learn, from the day when I send the order, to block up all the holes where Abu Hussein may hide—on—thy—land!"

The light flicks ended. The man stood up triumphant. By that accolade had the Supreme Government acknowledged his title before all men.

While the village praised the perspicacity of the Governor, a naked pockmarked child strode forward to the earth, and stood on one leg, unconcerned as a young stork.

"Ha!" he said, hands behind his back. "This should be blocked up with bundles of durra-stalks—or, better, bundles of thorns."

"Better thorns," said the Governor. "Thick ends innermost."

The child nodded gravely and squatted on the sand. "An evil day for thee, Abu Hussein," he shrilled into the mouth of the earth. "A day of obstacles to thy flagitious return in the morning."

"Who is it?" the Governor asked the Sheikh. "It thinks."

"Farak the Fatherless. His people were slain in the days of the Oppression. The man to whom Our Excellency has awarded the land is, as it were, his maternal uncle."

"Will it come with me and feed the big dogs?" said the Governor.

The other peering children drew back. "Run!" they cried. "Our Excellency will feed Farak to the big dogs."

"I will come," said Farak. "And I will never go." He threw his arm round Royal's neck, and the wise beast licked his face.

"Benjamin, by Jove!" the Inspector cried.

"No!" said the Governor. "I believe he has the makings of a James Pigg!"

Farak waved his hand to his uncle, and led Royal on to the barge. The rest of the pack followed.



"Hullo! Two men anxious to be licked? There must be some game on about the land"

Gihon, that had seen many sports, learned to know the hunt barge well. He met her rounding his bends on gray December dawns to music wild and lamentable as the almost forgotten throb of Dervish drums, when, high above Royal's tenor bell, sharper even than lying Beagle-boy's falsetto break, Farak chanted deathless war against Abu Hussein and all his seed. At sunrise the river would shoulder her carefully into her place and listen to the rush and scutter of the pack fleeing up the gangplank, and the tramp of the Governor's Arab behind them. They would pass over the brow into the dewless crops where Gihon, low and shrunken, could only guess what they were about when Abu Hussein flew down the bank to scratch at a stopped earth, and flew back into the barley again.

As Farak had foretold, it was evil days for Abu Hussein ere he learned to take the necessary steps and to get away crisply. Sometimes Gihon saw the whole procession of the hunt silhouetted against the morning blue, bearing him company for many merry miles. At every half-mile the horses and the donkeys jumped the water-channels—up, on, change your leg, and off again—like figures in a zoetrope, till they grew small along the line of the water-wheels. Then Gihon waited their rustling return through the crops, and took them to rest on his bosom at ten o'clock. While the horses ate, and Farak slept with his head on Royal's flank, the Governor and his Inspector worked for the good of the hunt and his Province.

After a little while there was no need to beat any man for neglecting his earths. The steamer's destinations were telegraphed from water-wheel to water-wheel, and the villagers stopped out and put to according. If an earth was overlooked, it meant some dispute as to the ownership of the land, and then and there the Hunt checked and settled it in this wise: The Governor and the Inspector side by side, but the latter half a horse's length to the rear; both bare-shouldered claimants well in front; the villagers half mooned behind

them, and Farak with the pack, who quite understood the performance, sitting down on the left. Twenty minutes were enough to settle the most complicated case, for, as the Governor said to a judge on the steamer, "One gets at the truth in a hunting-field a heap quicker than in your law courts."

"But when evidence is conflicting—" the Judge suggested.

"Watch the field. They'll throw tongue fast enough if you're running a wrong scent. You've never had an appeal from one of my decisions yet."

The Sheikhs on horseback—the lesser folk on clever donkeys—the children so despised by Farak—soon understood that villages who repaired their water-wheels and channels stood highest in the Governor's favor. He bought their barley for his horses.

"Channels," said he, "are necessary that we may all jump them. They are necessary, moreover, for the crops. Let there be many wheels and sound channels—and much good barley."

"Without money," replied an aged Sheikh, "there are no water-wheels."

"I will lend the money," said the Governor.

"At what interest, O our Excellency?"

"Take you two of May Queen's puppies to bring up in your village in such a manner that they do not eat filth, nor lose their hair, nor catch fever from lying in the sun, but become wise hounds."

"Like Ray-yal—not like Biggle-bai?" (already it was an insult along the river to compare a man to the shifty anthropophagous blue-mottled harrier).

"Certainly, like Ray-yal—not in the least like Biggle-bai. That shall be the interest on the loan. Let the puppies thrive and the water-wheel be built, and I am content," said the Governor.

"The wheel shall be built; but, O our Excellency, if by God's favor the pups grow to be well-smellers, not filth-eaters, not unaccustomed to their names, not lawless, who will do them and me justice at the time of judging the young dogs?"

"Hounds, man, hounds! Ha-wands, O Sheikh, we call them in their manhood."

"The ha-wands when they are judged at the Sha-ho. I have unfriended down the river to whom our Excellency has also entrusted ha-wands to bring up."

"Puppies, man! Pah-peaz, we call them, O Sheikh, in their childhood."

"Pah-peaz. My enemies may judge my pah-peaz unjustly at the Sha-ho. This must be thought of."

"I see your difficulty. Hear now! If the new water-wheel is built in a month without oppression, thou, O Sheikh, shalt be named one of the judges to judge the pah-peaz at the Sha-ho. Is it understood?"

"Understood. We will build the wheel. I and my seed are responsible for the repayment of the loan. Where are my pah-peaz? If they eat fowls, must they on any account eat the feathers?"

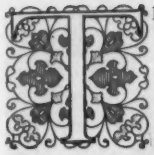
"On no account must they eat the feathers. Farak in the barge will tell thee how they are to live."

There is no instance of any default on the Governor's personal and unauthorized loans, for which they called him the Father of Water-wheels. But the first puppy-show at the capital needed enormous tact and the presence of a black battalion ostentatiously drilling in the barrack square to prevent trouble after the prize-giving.

But who can chronicle the glories of the Gihon Hunt—or their shames? Who remembers the kill in the market-place, when the Governor bade the assembled sheikhs and warriors observe how the hounds would instantly devour the body of Abu Hussein, but how, when he had scientifically broken it up, the weary pack turned from it in loathing, and Farak wept because he said the world's face had been blackened? What men who have not yet ridden beyond the sound of any horn recall the midnight run which ended—Beagle-boy leading—among tombs, the hasty whip-off, and the oath taken above bones to forget the worry? The desert run, when Abu Hussein forsook the cultivation, and made a six-mile point to earth in a desolate khor—when strange armed riders on camels swooped out of a ravine, and instead of giving battle, offered to take the tired hounds home on their beasts. Which they did, and vanished.

Above all, who remembers the death of Royal, when a certain Sheikh wept above the body of the stainless hound as it might have been his son's—and that day the hunt rode no more? The badly-kept log-book says little of this, but at the end of their second season (forty-nine brace) appears the dark entry:

"New blood badly wanted. They are beginning to listen to Beagle-boy!"



HE Inspector attended to the matter when his leave fell due.

"Remember," said the Governor, "you must get us the best blood in England—real, dainty hounds—expense no object, but don't you trust your own judgment. Present my letters of introduction, and take what they give you."

The Inspector presented his letters in a society where they make much of horses, more of hounds, and are tolerably civil to men who can ride. They passed him from house to house, mounted him according to his merits, and fed him, after five years of goat chop and Worcester sauce, perhaps a thought too richly.

The seat or castle where he made his great coup does not much matter. Four Masters of Foxhounds were at table, and in a mellow hour the Inspector told them stories of the Gihon Hunt. He ended: "Ben said I wasn't to trust my own judgment about hounds, but I think there ought to be a special tariff for empire-makers."

As soon as his hosts could speak, they reassured him on this point.

"And now tell us about your first puppy-show all over again," said one.

"And about the earth-stoppin'. Was that all Ben's own invention?" said another.

"Wait a moment," said a large, clean-shaven man—not an M.F.H.—at the end of the table. "Are your villagers habitually beaten by your Governor when they fail to stop foxes' holes?"

The tone and the phrase were enough even if, as the Inspector confessed afterward, the big, blue double-chinned man had not looked so like Beagle-boy. He took him on for the honor of Ethiopia.

"We only hunt twice a week—sometimes three times. I've never known a man chastised more than four times a week—unless there's a bye."

The large, loose-lipped man flung his napkin over his shoulder, came round the table, cast himself into the chair next the Inspector, and leaned forward earnestly, so that he breathed in the Inspector's calm face.

"Chastised with what?" he asked.

"With the *kourbash*—on his feet. A *kourbash* is a strip of old hippo-hide with a sort of keel on it, like the cutting edge of a boar's tusk. We use the rounded side for a first offender."

"And do any consequences follow this sort of thing? For the victim, I mean—not for you."

"Very rarely. Let me be fair. I've never seen a man die under the lash, but gangrene may set up if the *kourbash* has been pickled."

"Pickled in what?" All the table was still and interested.

"In copperas, of course. Didn't you know that?" said the Inspector.

"Thank God I didn't." The man sputtered visibly. The Inspector wiped his face and grew bolder.

"You mustn't think we're careless about our earth-stoppers. We've a hunt fund for hot tar. Tar's a splendid dressing if the toe-nails aren't beaten off. But huntin' as large a country as we do, we mayn't be back at that village for a month, and if the dressings ain't renewed, and gangrene begins, often as not you find your man pegging about on his stumps. We've a well-known Arabic name for 'em down the river. We call 'em the Mudir's cranes. You see, I persuaded the Governor to bastinado on one foot only."

"Only on one foot? The Mudir's cranes!" The large man turned purple to the top of his bald head. "Would you mind giving me the local word for Mudir's cranes?"

From a too well stocked memory the Inspector drew one short adhesive word which surprises by itself even unblushing Ethiopia. He spelt it out, saw the large man write it down on his cuff and withdrew. Then the Inspector translated a few of its significations and implications to the four Masters of Foxhounds. He left three days later with eight couple of the best hounds in England—a free and a friendly and an ample gift from four packs to the Gihon Hunt. He had honestly meant to undeceive the large blue-mottled man, but somehow forgot about it.

The new draft marks a new chapter in the Hunt's history. From an isolated phenomenon in a barge it became a permanent institution with brick-built kennels ashore, and an influence social, political, and administrative, coterminous with the boundaries of the Province. Ben, the Governor, departed to England, where he kept a pack of real dainty hounds, but never ceased to long for the old lawless lot. His successors were *ex-officio* Masters of the Gihon Hunt, as all Inspectors were Whips. For one reason, Farag, the kennel huntsman, in khaki and puttees, would obey nothing under

the rank of an Excellency, and the hounds would obey no one but Farag; for another, the best way of estimating crop returns and revenue was by riding straight to hounds; for a third, though Judges down the river issued signed and sealed land-titles to all lawful owners, yet public opinion along the river never held any such title valid till it had been confirmed, according to precedent, by the Governor's hunting-crop in the hunting-field, above the wilfully neglected earth. True, the ceremony had been cut down to three mere taps on the shoulder, but Governors who tried to evade that much found themselves and their office compassed about with a great cloud of witnesses who took up their time with lawsuits, and, worse still, neglected the puppies. The older sheikhs, indeed, stood out for the unmeasurable beatings of the old days—the sharper the punishment, they argued, the surer the title; but here the hand of Modern Progress was against them, and they contented themselves with telling tales of Ben the first Governor,

It was a pamphlet, signed on behalf of a Committee by a lady secretary, but composed by some person who thoroughly understood the language of the Province. After telling the tale of the beatings, it recommended all the aggrieved to institute criminal proceedings against their Governor, and, as soon as might be, to rise against English oppression and tyranny. Such documents were new in Ethiopia in those days.

The Inspector read the last half page. "But—but," he stammered, "this is impossible. White men don't write this sort of stuff."

"Don't they, just?" said the Governor. "They get made Cabinet Ministers for doing it too. I went home last year. I know."

"It'll blow over," said the Inspector weakly.

"Not it. Groombride is coming down here to investigate the matter in a few days."

"For himself?"

"The Imperial Government's behind him. Perhaps you'd like to look at my orders."

The Governor laid down a coded cable. The whiplash to it ran: "You will afford Mr. Groombride every facility for his inquiry, and will be held responsible that no obstacles are put in his way to the fullest possible examination of any witnesses which he may consider necessary. He will be accompanied by his own interpreter, who must not be tampered with."

"That's to me—Governor of the Province!" said Peter.

"It seems about enough," the Inspector answered.

Farag, kennel huntsman, entered the salon, as was his privilege.

"My uncle, who was beaten by the Father of Water-wheels, would approach, O Excellency," he said, "and there are others on the bank."

"Admit," said the Governor.

There tramped aboard sheikhs and villagers to the number of seventeen. In each man's hand was a copy of the pamphlet; in every man's eye terror and uneasiness of the sort that Governors spend and are spent to clear away. Farag's uncle, now Sheikh of the village, spoke: "It is written in the book, O Excellency, that the beatings whereby we hold our lands are all valueless. It is written that every man who received such a beating from the Father of Water-wheels who slew the Emirs, should instantly begin a lawsuit, because the title to his land is not valid."

"It is so written. We do not wish lawsuits. We wish to hold the land as it was given to us after the

days of the Oppression," they cried. The Governor glanced at the Inspector. This was serious. To cast doubt on the ownership of land means, in Ethiopia, the letting in of waters, and the getting out of troops.

"Your titles are good," said the Governor. The Inspector confirmed with a nod.

"Then what is the meaning of these writings which come from down the river where the Judges are?" Farag's uncle waved his copy. "By whose order are we ordered to slay you, O Excellency our Governor?"

"It is not written that you are to slay me."

"Not in those very words, but if we leave an earth unstopped, it is the same as though we wished to save Abu Hussein from the hounds. These writings say: 'Abolish your rulers.' How can we abolish except we kill? We hear rumors of one who comes from down the river soon to lead us to kill."

"Fools!" said the Governor. "Your titles are good. This is madness!"

"It is so written," they answered like a pack.

"Listen," said the Inspector smoothly. "I know who caused the writings to be written and sent. He is a man of a blue-mottled jowl, in aspect like Biggle-bai who ate unclean matters. He will come up the river and will give tongue about the beatings."

"Will he impeach our land-titles? An evil day for him!"

"Go slow, Baker," the Governor whispered. "They'll kill him if they get scared about their land."

"I tell a parable." The Inspector lit a cigarette. "Declare which one of you took to walk the children of Milk-maid?"

"Melik-meid first or second?" said Farag quickly.

"The second—the one that was lamed by the thorn."

"No—no. Melik-meid the second strained her shoulder leaping my water-channel," a Sheikh cried. "Melik-meid the first was lamed by the thorns on the hunt when our Excellency fell thrice."

"True—true. The second Melik-meid's mate was Malvolio, the pied hound," said the Inspector.

"I had two of the second Melik-meid's pups," said Farag's uncle. "They died of the madness in the ninth month."

(Continued on page 26)



Last to fall was the city-trained Abdul. He held on to the edge of apoplexy

whom they called the Father of Water-wheels, and of the heroic age when men, horses, and hounds were worth following.

The same Modern Progress which brought dog-biscuit and brass water-taps to the kennels was at work all over the world. Forces, Activities, and Movements sprang into being, agitated themselves, coalesced, and in one political avalanche overwhelmed a bewildered, and not in the least intending it, England. The echoes of the New Era were borne into the Province on the wings of inexplicable cables. The Gihon Hunt read speeches and sentiments, and policies which amazed them, and they thanked God, prematurely, that their Province was too far off, too hot, and too hard worked to be reached by the speakers or their policies. But they, with others, underestimated the scope and purpose of the New Era.

One by one the Provinces of the Empire were hauled up and baited, hit and held, lashed under the belly, and forced back on their haunches for the amusement of their new masters in the parish of Westminster. One by one they fell away, sore and angry, to compare stripes with each other at the ends of the uneasy earth. Even so, the Gihon Hunt, like Abu Hussein in the old days, did not understand. Then it reached them in the press that they habitually flogged to death good revenue-paying cultivators who neglected to stop earthen; and that the few, the very few, who did not die under hippo-hide whips soaked in copperas, walked about on the gangrenous ankle-bones, and were known in derision as the Mudir's cranes. The charges were vouched for in the House of Commons by a Mr. Lethable Groombride, who had formed a Committee, and was disseminating literature. The Province groaned; the Inspector—now an Inspector of Inspectors—whistled. He had forgotten the gentleman who sputtered in people's faces.

"He shouldn't have looked so like Beagle-boy!" was his sole defense when he met the Governor at breakfast on the steamer after a meet.

"You shouldn't have joked with an animal of that class," said Peter the Governor. "Look what Farag has brought me!"



The Face of Doom, with the air of an intelligent but cruel potato, startles the tuneful piratical chorus

THE HANT

By RALPH BERGENGREN

Wherein is Veraciously Set Forth
for the First Time in Any Lan-
guage the Authentic History of
Eight Melodious Pirates and the
Terrible Pallid Face at the Window

Illustrated by JOHN SLOAN

“MMM, nnnnn, pyggy, pyggy, pyggy,” muttered a lone pirate sitting in the cabin of the *Sacred Sarah* and laboriously scribbling on a stout sheet of vellum. It was an old, old cabin, the only part of the wreck that still projected from the sand of the beach, and as the busy pirate puffed at his short clay pipe a subtle odor of sweet fern expanded around him and probably penetrated even to the deepest hold of the sunken vessel. Outside the sun lay hot and lazy on Nonesuch Island, and from the open hatchway the bald white beach stretched flatly to the bald blue ocean.

Like the beach and the ocean, the industrious pirate was completely bald. His head was yellow where a hat might cover it; otherwise wind and sun had given him, with his knob of a nose, something of the air of an intelligent but cruel potato, capped by some passing humorist with a neatly fitting eggshell. Short white muslin pantaloons, edged with tattered Honiton lace, separated him from the old oak bench on which he sat in a peculiarly cramped and uncomfortable attitude. His body and head inclined stiffly to the left; his weight rested on his left forearm; his forearm rested mathematically parallel with the top of his parchment. It was the position, in 1825 or thereabout, of all who would attain and practise the graceful art of penmanship—a period when to write well was to write hard; but although the solitary pirate was evidently a conscientious pupil the blade of his rusty cutlas bled up one swallow-tail of his fashionable blue broadcloth coat in a gay and reckless way quite out of harmony with his clerical employment. Now and then he glanced cautiously over his right shoulder to make sure that his quill pointed in that direction, and the movement, innocent enough in itself, added to his occupation something furtive and mysterious. Despite the heat, he wrote steadily; and at regular intervals, like an eccentric clock that ticks once a minute, a drop of perspiration splashed on his manuscript.

Sixty splashes of perspiration had fallen. The bald-headed man pushed aside his exercises and turned to another little pile of sheets, evidently representing a more consecutive effort. These he began to read, following the straggling lines and childish formed letters with inky forefinger, and occasionally referring to a small water-stained volume (on whose cover the title, “Primer,” was vaguely visible) as if to settle some nice point in orthography.

“I went two walk with”—so began the first paragraph, but here the writer’s spelling had failed him and he had resorted to a hieroglyph which might represent either some unknown insect or a tall, thin man with long mustaches. “—by the See. He made me mad and i made him mad and We had a nice fierce fight. I fell in the See. When i came up he put his big strong hand on top of my head and gave me a fierce push down in the See. I came up and he gave me a push down and i came up and he gave me a push down and i came up and he gave me a push down with his big strong hand on top of my head. Then he thought i was dead and went off with a fierce laugh and i came up all wet but not dead. It is hard two kill me. Here am i on the isle and not dead.”

“The ship went from the isle. All went in her. I see them go from on top of the hill. I went two the fort, but the door was two strong and the hedge two thick and full of thorns and i could not went two the

wall two try two climb it. I wish i knew how two spell bad words. I have my book two teach me how two read but the worst words in it are rot and blame and they are two mild two do me much good. Why is one word bad and one word good when both are of the same size? I do not know. But i can say bad words and it would be nice if i could write some of them here. It would show how i feel two be left on this isle. O rot.

“This is what i have. I have my book to teach me how to read. I have my cut lass. I have my pipe. I have my health. I have my hands and my feet and my nose and my mouth and my eyes and my ears and my pants and my coat. I have my flint and steal. I have some things to eat. This is what i have not. I have no home. I have no thing to smoke. I have no thing to drink but what comes out of a spring.



Bobbing, spinning, overturning—vicious
Bald Head races the rakish schooner

“It is hard to beat me when i use my mind. Now i have a fine home. It is in the old ship that was drove on the shore by a storm. Her name is on the back of her where she sticks up out of the sand and it is *Sacred Sarah*, that is how it looks but it is two much for me two read. I can read words in one piece but no more. This ship is as old as the hills i think. She is deep in the sand but i can get in and then i am all right. There is a old book in her and if i had a pen and some ink i could write my thoughts.

“I have made a pen with my cut lass out of a quill. All so i have some sweet fern for my pipe. It is good but two mild.

“I have got some ink and this is how. It came from a fish. The fish has a lot of arms and legs and a fierce face and a bag of ink in him. He does not know how two write but when he flights he shys ink at you. The tide left him in a pool and i got him with my cut lass.

“If i am dead when you find this and all bones i will tell you what i look like and why i think i am left here like this. I fear a plot. There was one girl on this isle and ten men and she was in love with me. We were the kind of men that go to See in a ship and when we see a ship we take her and rob her. Our flag is the head of a dead man when he is all bones and we are a bad lot and full of vice. When we take a ship we make the men and girls in her walk on a plank and they fall in the See with a sad cry and we give fierce laughs. When i write girls i mean girls and old hens two.

“My head is round like a ball and i have no hair on it. I am like a small new born kid two look at. That is why the girl that was on the isle was in love with me. All girls love two look at small new born kids and say how sweet and so they love to look at me and say how sweet. It is not my fault. I am made that way and i can not help it.

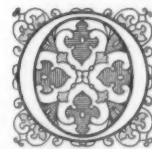
“I can not live like this all my life. It is no fun. I long for vice.

“I have a bold thought. I will stay on this isle no more and drink no thing but what comes out of a spring. Way down in this ship there are a lot of large old kegs and some rope. I will make a raft that is my bold thought. I will begin now.

“2 weeks have gone by. I have made my raft and it was blame hard work. When the wind is right i will put two See and find a ship. I must have a drink. Sink or swim that is what i say now.”

This determined sentence ended the chronicle, and the lonely author rose from the table and went out on the beach. The sun was some hours past the meridian, and not far from the cabin floated a good-sized raft clumsily contrived of empty hogsheads and three or four weather-worn planks. The wind blew gently off the island, and the raft tugged modestly at her painter; but the tide was leaving her and the forward kegs already scraped on the beach. Without even a backward glance the bald-headed man waded into the water, severed the painter with a single blow of his cutlas, and, throwing his weight on the stern of the raft, lifted the bow so that she floated gracefully out on the bosom of the wide ocean.

The Shrend Adventure of the Disappearing
Hogsheads, and the Pirate Who Bends His
Handkerchief, and Lights His Pipe, the
While a Salt Tear is Blown to Leeward



ONCE indubitably afloat, Bald Head the Pirate proceeded more calmly to make everything shipshape for his desperate venture. His first care was to overhaul his provisions, stored in two upright hogsheads, one filled with water and the other with a substantial supply of tropical fruit, nice dried lizards (of an edible variety indigenous to the island), and sweet fern to while away the likely monotony of his solitary journey. Then, after an instinctively modest glance toward the island, he slipped out of his nether garments and bent them as a sort of leg-o'-pirate sail to a small mast ingeniously driven into a bunghole just abaft the food hogsheads; and, this done, he shipped a rude but practicable rudder, lighted his pipe, and, taking his tiller

under his arm, sat down at the stern of his vessel and bore away from the island.

His course lay about northeast by north, and the tide helped him. Soon the island was far astern in the blue desert, a speck of oasis, on whose beach the long-legged flamingoes pompously promenaded, looking for supper in the wet sand. Had they looked seaward even their sharp eyes would have been unable to distinguish the raft, but the last rays of the sun now and again reflected cheerily from the bald head of its stout but lonely occupant.

Twilight settled into night. The solitary seaman, after a hearty supper of dried lizard and bananas, lit his pipe and contemplated the stars, wondering, in his simple way, whether there were other men like himself on those myriad distant worlds, and, if so, what they had to drink. But the deeper swell of the ocean now carried his tiny craft monotonously up and down, and the soothing motion reminded him of his hammock and suggested bedtime. He reefed his sail by tying a knot in one leg of it, made fast the sheet, and, having lashed the tiller amidships and himself to one of the planks, was soon lost in a slumber which was at least healthy if not completely innocent; it was the most innocent slumber that he had and he made the best of it. Now and then a wave washed over the raft; and about midnight, the wind backing up due east, he hesitated for a moment and then bore bravely westward. But the trustful sleeper snored peacefully, and it was only when the sun was again high in the heavens that Bald Head the Pirate sat up and stretched himself.

Never was pirate more completely alone. The raft still forged ahead under a fair wind, and the deep swell of the ocean carried her monotonously from one long green undulation to another. Neither sail nor land broke the monotony, nothing but a large hogshead some distance astern, placidly bobbing out of sight over the summit of a lazy swell. At sea (as has been frequently pointed out by observant travelers) even the smallest things attract our attention, and, having nothing better to do, the adventurous pirate thoughtfully contemplated the vanishing hogshead. Suddenly he sat up straighter, uttered a horrid oath, and brought his eyes sharply to the stern of his vessel. The tiller had vanished; the raft was smaller by four substantial hogsheads; and, to his infinite horror, a fifth was just slipping away from under him.

Awful as is the sensation of being alone in mid-ocean on a raft, it is mild and innocuous compared with the unpleasant surprise of finding that your raft is coming to pieces. For a long minute Bald Head sat stunned and bewildered, leaning backward on the extended tips of his rough fingers and gazing despairingly at the deserting hogshead; then he was on his hands and knees, thrusting his throbbing head far down into the water as he peered under the raft to examine the full extent of his unforeseen calamity. The old rope with which he had lashed his casks together was slowly fraying, and already the structure wobbled. Again he cast an agonized glance around the horizon, but no sail gladdened him; and even as he looked another hogshead carelessly detached itself from the raft and with a sardonically cheerful motion bobbed after the others.

Fortunately, however, the sudden immersion of his throbbing head in the cold water calmed the pirate, and he rose to his feet with the dangerous look of one who would sell his life dearly were anybody present to sell it to. Although he had lost his appetite, he bravely forced himself to eat a dried lizard, and this matter-of-course action still further restored his wonted self-possession. "While there be dried lizards there be hope," he told himself grimly, and even as he reached into the hogshead for a second sustaining morsel the way of salvation opened before him. As we have seen by his own journal, he was not only a hard man to kill but equally hard to beat when he used his mind; and circumstances were compelling him to work that useful organ with unusual rapidity.

Now that he had settled upon a plan, every motion of this brave but sorely pressed rascal revealed the quiet determination of his rugged nature, and bore out his journal. He unbent and put on his useless sail, lit his pipe, and turned his undivided attention to the food hogshead. This he quickly emptied, leaving only the sand which he had put in the bottom to steady it, and over the sand he jammed the cover of the water barrel, which he trimmed with his cutlas until it neatly fitted its new position. It was a generous hogshead, and there was still room in it for even a fat pirate to sit on his haunches with comparative comfort, as he now proved by trying the experiment. His chin came even with the rim of the hogshead; and his round face beamed with the satisfied pride of an inventor as he climbed nimbly out again, picked up the remaining cover, and with a single blow of his weapon severed it into two nearly equal half circles.

In any moment of peril there is nothing so salutary as hard work with a definite object. Sitting on the deck of his crumbling craft, Bald Head the Pirate busily bored a hole in each segment of the cover large enough to admit his thumb. He had now the two sections of cover, each with a small hole in it; and these he industriously whittled until, on putting them together around his neck, he found they fitted like a tight collar. It was a delicate business, handy as he was with his cutlas, and to obtain a perfect fit consumed the better part of two hours.

"All I needs now is a trig little sail," he remarked thoughtfully; and with that he deftly sharpened his weapon on the sole of his leathery foot and cut down his mast. At the end of another hour a miniature mast and two small spars had been neatly whittled, and on them it took him only a jiffy to bend his handkerchief.

It was now about nine o'clock by the sun, and hardly more than a dozen casks supported the raft. But the endangered seaman was not to be hurried. He made a quick but substantial breakfast and drank long and deep from the water barrel. Another cask bobbed away from under him, and he raised his little sail by stepping the mast between his neck and his coat collar and climbed nimbly into the hogshead. There he fitted the

cover tightly to his neck and waited for the inevitable. It was a strange and terrifying spectacle, for he looked exactly like a head on a barrel with the thumbs of its former owner carefully placed on either side of it; but as he had taken the precaution to fill and light his pipe, this grisly impression was somewhat softened by an aspect of philosophical resignation. One by one he felt the remaining casks drop away from him, and despite the stanchness of his heart (and his confidence in his hogshead) his expression became less and less philosophical. Presently he felt that there were only two casks under him; the hogshead trembled in a sickening fashion; with a shuddering lurch to starboard it slid reluctantly into the cool, translucent water, turned a succession of clumsy somersaults, and then slowly righted. But the wind caught his sail, and in a few moments he was again merrily traveling westward.

It is one thing to put to sea on a raft and quite another to attempt the same desperate expedient in even the most seaworthy and well-ballasted hogshead. The wind freshened, backed up to the northwest, and covered the ocean with dancing little devils of blue water, which now spun the hogshead round and round like a top, or again turned it completely over, as if impertinently curious to find out whether there was another head on the bottom. Thought is difficult under such circumstances, and the adventurous pirate soon abandoned himself to profanity, which is always easy and requires little mental activity. He invented new forms and com-



The ghost and his slayer are annoyed by seven murderous pirates squirming down the hatchway

binations; and, like an author struggling over a manuscript, sought in vain for exactly the right word with which to express himself. The afternoon, so to speak, dragged on his thumbs, and by six o'clock despair perched on his little mast and an occasional salt tear flew off in a horizontal direction as an unusually active wave spun him round like a top.

It was about an hour before sunset when the exhausted pirate, spinning merrily on the top of a wave, sighted in turn a small island just rising to leeward and a small vessel just rising on his larboard quarter.

"A sail! A sail!" he cried joyously; and then the sea turned him promptly over, and the joyful shout was extinguished in a succession of angry bubbles.

But despite these annoying and involuntary gymnastics, the wind carried him steadily toward the island. It loomed nearer and nearer, while at the same time each successive spin of the hogshead showed the vessel rapidly overhauling him. He caught only a passing glimpse of her, but at each revolution he shouted: "Ship ahoy!" and bobbed his head anxiously to attract her attention. It waved his little sail, but otherwise it was apparently a wasted effort; and now he could see the island so clearly that the setting sun lighted a small fort just back of the beach. The solitary seaman stared at it in bewilderment, and a look of melancholy disgust settled over his features.

"Blamed if it ain't our own little old fort!" he exclaimed bitterly; and at that moment another spin of the hogshead brought him almost face to face with the oncoming vessel. She was a small, rakish-looking schooner, carrying all sail and taking full advantage of weather and tide to make the island before sunset.

"Bless my peepers!" cried the solitary seaman again, even more bitterly than before, "if she ain't the *Polly*!" And with that he made a frantic effort to dive under the surface. The hogshead shook with it, but, frequently as he had already dived without wishing to, nothing could now upset him. All he could do was to twist his neck so sharply that he shook the wind out of his little sail; the hogshead came to, her speed diminished, and the unresponsive schooner bore quickly past her.

And now the Face of Horror Flattens its Nose on the Midnight Window-pane

THE rakish schooner soon made the island and came to anchor in a small bay not far from the fort. Twilight fell rapidly, but not so rapidly as eight stalwart seamen fell over her starboard quarter and pulled toward the beach. There they formed in single file, and, each putting his hands on the shoulders of his immediate predecessor, they marched in a lively but not ungraceful lock-step to the door of the

fort. It was a mode of progress to which, however eccentric, they were apparently well accustomed; their eight wide hat brims flapped in unison with the rise and fall of their heavy sea boots; and the thick red beard of their leader, had it not been neatly plaited into a number of spiky cues, would have waved in front of them like an auctioneer's oriflamme.

"That there fisherman," said the red-bearded man viciously as the line stopped and marked time while he felt in his pocket for the key to the fort, "sold us a rotten dory. An' it's what comes o' buyin' of things honest-like, as some folks calls it. You pays your money for a ole dory coa you've lost your own pooty little tender, an' the fast time you uses of her you wets your feet soppin'. Bah! says I." With this disgusted utterance, he led his companions to a small house inside the enclosure and lighted a large ship's lantern swinging from the rough oak ceiling.

Seeing the eight men thus clearly, their profession was evident. There was something at once gay, furtive, and somber in their several expressions, and their eyes had the hard, opaque glitter that comes only to those whose lives are a continuous performance of daring deeds and reckless revelry, although at the moment they all looked worried. One after another they hastily kicked off their heavy sea boots, and, each sitting down in one of the several red rocking-chairs with which the room was generously provided, they rubbed their bare feet earnestly with the nice white tidies that in those days ordi-

narily adorned the back of this graceful and comfortable piece of furniture. This exercise finished, they looked more hopeful, but it was only after each had swallowed two quinine pills and a large glass of whisky from the corner cupboard that they appeared comfortably certain of their immediate future. Then the red-bearded man lighted his pipe, drew up his chair, and luxuriously elevated his feet to the cool level of a marble-topped table.

"Dog tired I be," he said in a deep voice. "An' now which of us jolly rovers is a-goin' to cook supper? That's the conundrum I'm a-askin'!" One after another the rest of the wicked company followed his example, but none attempted to solve his conundrum. They lit their pipes; they drew up their rocking-chairs; and they rested the heels of their carpet slippers on the marble-topped table, taking due care not to upset the graceful bunch of wax roses under a glass case which adorned its center. Each had made up his mind not to establish a dangerous precedent by offering to cook the supper, and each endeavored to smoke his pipe with the air of a man really not in the least hungry.

It was a cozy enough room, rather incongruously furnished, that seemed at first glance to combine the salient features of a ship's cabin, a New England parlor, and a modern antique shop. Living in a period of rather decadent culture, and having no culture, even of this decadent kind, of their own, these eight desperate men had furnished their dwelling with such things as took their fancy in the natural course of business. Fortunately, they had secured a fairly good architect (whom they had afterward economically utilized to bury with some of their treasure), but the load of lumber taken on the same wild foray had of necessity been eked out with the remains of the brig that carried it; and the room had therefore that dark and aged look so eagerly sought after by those who to-day tire of the conventions of our strenuous cities. But it was homelike (which is the main thing in domestic architecture), even to the trim melodion standing under a religious print called "Susanna and the Elders," which the eight pirates, not knowing the story, unanimously regarded as the *tour-de-force* of a fevered but delightful imagination.

"Now if ole Bald Head was here," said one of them presently, carefully holding a large brass nose-ring out of the way with one hand while he relighted his pipe with the other, "he'd be a-cookin' of that supper, he would. Allus loved to be a-messin' in th' kitchen. Tain't like home somehow without ole Bald Head." And he stretched out his legs and gazed mournfully at a cardboard motto hanging over the mantel. "Home, Sweet Home," was marked on it in pink, green, blue, yellow, red, purple, and cinnamon-colored worsteds; and the pirates had all considered it very beautiful and appropriate when they found it among the belongings of a maiden lady who had sailed from Boston to spend

(Continued on page 22)

THE LADY WITH WINGS



*The Midsummer Idyl of a Radiant Visitor
and the "Head Clerk"*

By JENNETTE LEE

Illustrated by J. SCOTT WILLIAMS

*He stood among the crowd
on the dock looking at the
boat as she steamed in. She
was a round, clumsy craft,
riding high in the water*

THE steamer was late. The "head clerk" looked critically at the chandelier. Then he went out to fetch the dust-cloth and a piece of chamois. He took down the glass lamps and wiped each one carefully and put it back in its place in the chandelier, blowing bits of dust from the fixtures and running the dust-cloth carefully in and out along the brass filigree of grapes and vines.

It had been a busy day in the office—and upstairs and downstairs and in my lady's chamber—for to-day the rush season began. They always came the first of August—shoals of them—and by the middle of the month the house would overflow. There would be cots in the parlor and the "head clerk" would retire to the woodshed to sleep—such sleep as he could get—a few winks between midnight and dawn—and dawn began with cockerow. The "head clerk's" back had a busy, contemplative air as he regarded the chandelier, alert for any smudge of dust. It was not strictly his business to dust the chandelier, perhaps, or to fill the lamps, or bring in eggs, or set the table. His chief business in life was to make the boarders comfortable. Incidentally he did things that no one else found time for: He met the boat twice a day—carried up bags and trunks and golf sticks—brought the mail and distributed it from the piazza steps—with jokes for the boarders—he ran errands and filled water-pitchers and fed the hens and brought vegetables from the garden when the rest were too busy, and superintended the dining-room when things went hard—visiting with the guests and gathering up cups and plates and omelets, coffee, and fish hash, with his long arms that reached skilfully among them while he talked.

He had finished the chandelier and he returned the dust-cloth to its place and went to the window to scan the horizon. . . . Far to the west a little blur appeared on the sky. He looked at it again and then at the clock—twenty minutes before she would be in. He glanced again around the room, running a quick, thoughtful hand along his black hair—every chair and pen and blotter and toothpick in place. Some one passed the office door and he looked up.

"Oh, Annie!"

She turned back a little. "Yes, Joseph—?" She hesitated, and came in, smoothing her apron. She was a dark little figure, with clear, straight eyes.

Joseph looked, and his glance deepened approvingly. "First rate, Annie! Don't wear the gingham one again—not afternoons—will you?"

She smiled—a demure, shy smile—and turned away, as one might from the sun when it shines too bright. "Mother likes it better—this one," she said, smoothing the starched surface again.

"Of course she does," Joseph was hearty. "And the boarders will. You through work?"

"All but some flowers. Mother said petunias." She had started to go.

"That's right." He nodded again, his eyes on the dark, clear face. "We'll have a lot of people to-night."

"Yes." She lingered over the word and turned to go, and waited—a breath—

The clerk's eyes were on her kindly. . . . A whistle sounded—a long, low note that broke the quiet and echoed a little and sounded again—low and hoarse.

She started. "It's the boat!" She had slipped through the door and down the long hall toward the garden.

The clerk's face wore a puzzled look. It was almost dreamy as he went down the piazza steps. The day had a kind of radiance. He had not known that it was like this. He looked across the stretch of road that led to the water. There were flowers everywhere and tall grasses that swung on light stems, and dandelions fluffing and butterflies, yellow and white. Joseph's eyes took it in with slow content. It was the quiet air that made it so beautiful—there had been no wind all day. . . . They would have had a good passage and would eat,

he thought. He quickened his steps a little. The boat was off the Head now; there was no hurry, but he liked to be at the dock as she came in. He liked the bustle and the calling, as he liked to be first on board to gather up hand-bags and luggage and start the boarders right. There were no other hotels on the island—only a couple of boarding-houses that did not boast a head clerk between them—but it was safer for Joseph to be there—and he liked it.

He stood among the crowd on the dock looking at the boat as she steamed in. She was a round, clumsy craft, riding high in the water. A little group of people gathered in the bow waved gaily as she came. Parasols—bits of color, red and deep blue—twirled in the light. The crowd on the wharf waved back and called out foolish things. Summer was alive, pulsing between the great boat and the island.

Then Joseph saw her first—standing on the deck of the steamer, her eyes scanning eagerly this new island she had come to. Her parasol was not blue or red, but a kind of creamy light that circled about her and shut her off from the sky.

The tide was high and the landing was made from the upper deck. So she came down the gangplank, her light skirts held daintily away and the creamy parasol a tilt to shade her face. Behind her followed Joseph, laden to the chin with booty, and before and behind them came various youths who carried the surplus. She was accustomed to little swarms of men waiting on her. Since her earliest babyhood she had had them; they had danced at her feet, and she would not have known how to travel without them. She did not need them so much for the wraps and bags and parasols and flowers, perhaps, as for a kind of moral support—to applaud softly when she spoke, and to remain dumb.

II

IT WAS a pretty picture she made, coming down the steamer plank—with her attendants before and behind. But no one would have guessed, from the curve of her pretty mouth or the tilt of her chin, that she was aware how pretty she was, or that she had taken in the whole long wharf, the radiant island, and Joseph in his black coat and tie with one sweep of her lashes before the eyes fell. It was such an absent, preoccupied prettiness—not self-conscious or put on for the wharf, but genuinely preoccupied—as if she had retired for a while to the citadel—to commune with herself—perhaps to plan a campaign of happy laughter—a slaughter of hearts. It was not easy to know what was going on under the filmy hat—behind the absent eyes, and so everybody guessed.

If she had been an inch taller she would have been majestic—and her admirers would have known why they ran helter-skelter to do her bidding—or if an inch had been taken off, she would have been fragile—needing protection. She was neither tall nor short—only straight as a flame, from the little slender feet; and she was neither witty nor wise—but all the men who knew her waited on her lightest wish—because such is the way of men.

To Joseph, lumbering behind, with the luggage, these things were a sealed book. He knew woman nature—through many summers and much tribulation he had learned that some women are to be placated and some are to be commanded, and as "head clerk" he had done his duty by them all. No one could say that he had a favorite among them—fishballs and flowers and towels were dealt out with impartial hand—for Joseph's ideal in life was to be a faithful "head clerk."

But the clerk's head reeled to-day, as he followed the happy cortège up the road, between the flowery fields.

The flowers nodded as before and the long grass waved and butterflies were everywhere—but the radiance of the day was not in them. It had gathered in a straight, slight figure that went before him—like a cloud.

Poor Joseph!—as he turned the register on the desk and dipped the pen in its ink and placed his finger on the black line where the first guest was to sign—he knew that his world had tumbled upside down and that things were falling out.

But when she came to the desk and took the pen in her fingers and looked at it a moment, dubiously, and then at Joseph, before she signed, his trouble went away. He saw things clear again and he knew. Whatever she might wish him to do it would be done.

"Mrs. Gregory Blair, Garyville, Kentucky, and Miss Anita Blair," with ditto marks, ran its fresh blackness across the page and the pen was in his fingers again—with the lightest smile for thanks. He laid the blotter, almost tenderly, upon the page—as if it guarded a secret for him, while he assigned guests and rooms and played his part as mere "head clerk."

They had never had a guest from Kentucky . . . and Joseph might have known, had he not been a very ignorant "head clerk," that there is a charmed land, and its daughters have the smile of the sun, and he upon whom that smile falls has tasted wine that will linger with him till old age—a smile of charm and gladness and the purity of heart that little children have, yet somehow faintly troubled with the downcast look and listening eyes of Mother Eve while the serpent coiled his shining length and bent his weaving head to whisper wisdom in her shell-pink ear. So when she had smiled her thanks and handed back the pen, Joseph's head swam with the draft the gods had brewed for the sons of men since the first light fell upon the earth. Alas, Joseph!

III

SHE was not a coquette—but, like the lady of Ferrara, she "liked whate'er she looked on—and her looks went everywhere." The hotel woke up. There were riding parties and driving parties and boating and golf and tennis—only bridge, in the parlors, seemed to languish a little, and the old ladies, gathered in sheltered corners of the piazzas, were no longer safe over their bits of news and scallops and wool—for the piazzas chattered and hummed. Chairs rocked with gay little ruffles and creaked and whispered when the ruffles had fled. If one would keep up with the pace, he must rise early and sit up late, and even then he could not be sure that something delightful going past, some charming little guess at life, had not escaped him. As for Joseph, devoted to kitchen and office and hens, he lived in one long, glorious dream that knew no waking—and no sleep. Never had life pressed so hard and never had he been so happy.

It could not be said that she flirted with Joseph, but neither could it be denied that Joseph was singled out. If she was the center of the group and dispensed favors, it was Joseph who stood at her side and placed the favors in her hand.

She was planning this morning for a driving party to Southern Head and back. They would take luncheon and drive back by moonlight—everybody—old ladies and all. She was very determined about the old ladies. Why she wished this would be a secret between herself and heaven—since the old ladies did not wish to go—and there were not horses enough on the island to carry so many old ladies to Southern Head and back in a day. Joseph had pointed this out to her carefully, sitting on the piazza railing, one long, black leg swinging back and forth as he talked.

And she had listened—with her pretty head bent—and she had nodded and raised her eyes, and continued her plans, which included all the old ladies and luncheon for everybody.

And Joseph had gone away and created horses out of dust and air and had changed a roast dinner, with vege-



They went in little groups, laughing and talking. . . . Like a child he cradled her

tables and soup and ice-cream, into a cold boiled lunch-eon, with sandwiches and relishes and a delicate, spicy drink that she liked. These were not easy days for Joseph, but his countenance shone with joy.

He had not known what living meant before. He recalled now—how far away it all seemed—the first night she came, when the hotel was about to settle down to its placid, accustomed sleep, and she had appeared in the dining-room, with her court about her and a chafing-dish borne aloft—and had demanded cheese and butter and eggs and paprika and beer! That it was a prohibition island Joseph had explained with his most courteous gravity, and that you *must* have beer for a Welsh rabbit, she had explained with her sweetest, gravest air, and while their two souls wrestled together, a feather-brained youth, who had no principles, had scoured the place and produced the beer—just one bottle—and it was Joseph himself who stood at her right hand and poured it in—a little at a time, as she commanded, while some one at her left did the paprika, and some one else the cheese, and her wooden spoon was everywhere, a kind of baton that kept order and beat the time—and the air was full of laughter and gay little sounds that tinkled and sweet, high-pitched commands that sent Joseph on useless errands and called him back and praised and scolded him in a breath till it seemed too good to be true. So, in heaven, the angels might call to each other, from bench to bench—but surely earth never brimmed so before.

Joseph smiled now, the long, slow smile that always rested on his face when he thought of her—Joseph was always thinking of her. Did he go to gather the eggs—it was to select the freshest and daintiest and slip it into his black coat pocket, to be boiled later, with his own careful eye on the clock, and borne in triumph to place before her. The day was a blaze of glory for him if she said: "Thank you!" and if she only raised her lids a little and looked at it, half-curiously, half-indifferently, still Joseph's heart sang within him, and when her fingers swung the knife that broke the shell with even cut, Joseph's heart went crack, too—just a little. For Joseph had seen a great light upon the way, and—like the rest of us—he would never be the same again.

IV

THE Southern Head was bathed in sunshine. The great cliffs that circled back from the sea were red at heart—like vast orchestral stalls that waited, silent and empty, for the accustomed gods—perchance they were asleep or gone upon a journey. So the day slept; and over the quiet sea, gulls wheeled on slow, outspread wings.

Now and then a face peered above the edge of the cliff, and was withdrawn, or a stone dropped from the top and fell into space—giving back no sound. The guests went warily along the path that edged the cliff. The path was well back from the sea, but there were ugly rumors—enough to make one cautious. A misstep and one might not see the sunshine again, or breathe the air. They went in little groups, laughing and talking, the bowl of sky above them and the great cliffs at the left that dropped to the sea.

It was not a day to linger indoors. Even the old ladies, wrapped in shawls, but without the knitting, had ventured a little way. They would not go far—they would be within call of the bell when it rang. Already, before they left the house, the smell of coffee had met the nostrils, and Joseph was here and there and everywhere, his black coat awry and the wisp of necktie standing under one ear, giving orders, bringing in baskets, unpacking cups and glasses and plates. The old ladies walked slowly past the stables where the horses could be heard through thin boards blowing softly and crunching their hay and oats. The way from the stable to the cliffs ran through an open field and the old ladies went with leisurely foot. One of them, who carried a black parasol, raised it to shield her eyes from the light. And it was as if heaven mocked her—for a little black cloud, like a parasol gone aloft, sailed between her and the sun and rested there. She looked up with blinking eyes and lowered the parasol, smiling. The other old ladies looked up—the cloud was on the sun and other clouds were coming—from the east and from the west. There had been no warning—but the sky was overcast. Great masses

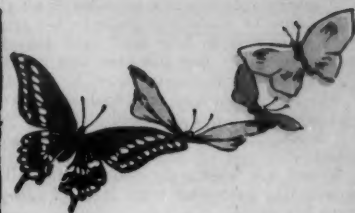
were rolling up, hurrying to blot out the heavens, from the four corners of the earth. The old ladies turned in their places with swift thought. They gathered up their skirts—as if the rain were already descending—and ran, their wide soles gleaming in the light as they went. Before they reached the house, the first drops fell, splashing big.

Joseph on the steps of the rough shelter house greeted them, smiling and helping them up the steps. They laughed and twittered and shook their wraps and peered through the windows, and watched the rest of the party hurrying now across the open field, fleeing from the wrath of the rain. They came flying—skirts drawn protectingly over bent heads—hats under arms—blown by the wind, hurrying, drifting to shelter, half-amused and half-angry at the power that drove them on.

It was Joseph who met them on the steps, scanning each group as it came—his quick eye running beyond it to search the field in the distance. She was not come—No, they did not see her—but she must be here. She started with them—yes, of course. It was so sudden—they had to run, single file—no one could tell. But Joseph had not listened, he was gone—across the field—hatless, in the rain.

They watched him, from the piazza, down the path. He would find her. She was surely safe—waiting under some rock, probably—wiser and safer than all of them. The other young men were searching the house hastily. Then they turned back into the rain. The last bevy of girls drifted into the house, shaking the wet from their garments, crowding about the blazing fire.

The wind had risen with the storm. They heard it whirling outside. The sky had grown black. They could scarcely see each other, except by the lightning flare. . . . The man who ran by the cliff called as he ran, lifting his face to listen. The rain had drenched him, but the wind that sailed past lifted the soaked coat and whipped it about him, slapping his face. He fought it down, peering ahead. He darted to the edge of the cliff and threw himself flat—far below an angry, muffled sound came up out of darkness. He rose to his feet and ran—stumbling, calling: "Anita! Anita!" The wind lulled a little and he made a hollow of his hands, calling to her: "Anita! Anita!" . . . Then louder, as the wind grew . . . and louder again and again: "Anita! Anita!"—dying away pitifully like a sob. It was only the wind that heard him and hissed across the headlands. He stumbled and fell, and the wind echoed it again while he lay, beaten upon by the rain. When he rose a little three-cornered cut was in his forehead and a red streak trickled down his face as he fought the wind for foothold. He had reached the end of the path now, where it dips to the sea and curves back toward the great procession of cliffs. . . . If he should not find her. He went cautiously, feeling the treacherous rock with his hands, slipping, sliding, catching at brambles, and waiting while huge pebbles, loosened from their place, rattled and fell, striking against the side of the cliff once—and again—and were lost to sound. He strained his eyes to pierce the dimness. The lightning flared high—and gleamed white on the sky and the cliff—and on something lodged below. He caught fast hold of the cliff and held himself against the beating of his heart that would thrust him



off. Swiftly he had stripped himself of the black coat and was tearing it in slits, testing each link with set lip. He gripped the strong cloth fiercely, as if he swore it to service. The tense fingers had found a cervice where a huge root thrust out and made fast the ribboned coat. It might not hold—God knew. . . . There was not time to go back. . . . She lay with the rain falling on her face, and below her the darkness fell away—If she awoke. . . . He put his foot cautiously down. . . . The rope held fast and he swung himself faster—and faster—careless now. . . . He would reach her. . . . The rain blinded him . . . but he held her, strained to his breast. . . . He had lifted her up the great cliff. "Anita!" He sobbed it, bending to her, and the eyes opened and smiled wistfully and closed in the night. He stumbled and ran—hatless and coatless—babbling with joy—for he carried her safe. . . . Like a child, he cradled her, shielding the face from the rain. . . . The gods were jealous. . . . He held them at bay . . . he thrust them back. . . .

So he met the others, coming toward him through the storm, and gave her to them. But she had struggled to her feet and went along among them, laughing a little as her feet stumbled and they held her up on every side.

At the stables Joseph left them. He went in among the wagons and sobbed like a child.

And when he came to the house, the coffee was made, and Anita, sitting by the fire, held a steaming cup to her lips. When she saw him she put it down and looked at him with gentle eyes—and the gentleness in her eyes mocked him.

THE day lay like a pearl upon the sea. The world was new-washed by the storm—all the flowers and the grass and the little leaves.

Under the trees in the orchard Joseph waited for her. She had said she would come—with a little nod of her head and laughing eyes she said it. . . . She would come. . . . She was coming—with light feet—there on the grass. . . . He could see her. . . . Out of some other world. . . . She was coming. . . . She had paused for a moment to speak to the group by the path, then she came slowly on. Her eyes were on the ground, a little smile on her lips.

When she looked up, her glance rested on Joseph in his black clothes—waiting—and the smile faded, and she came more quickly and stood beside him. "I didn't mean to keep you waiting," she said. The light through the green leaves filtered and fell on the tilted face. It nodded to him kindly. "I meant to come right off, but it takes so long to pack, you know—to find your things and say good-by . . . and I always forget something." . . . The candid eyes appealed to him for sympathy.

But Joseph did not give it. He had started forward a step, his hand half-clenched at his side—words struggling on his lips. . . . But it was the "head clerk" that spoke. . . .

"You took your rooms—till the first—" The voice was harsh.

"Yes, I know. But we must go. . . . I just can't stay—"

"Sit down," said Joseph. He motioned to the bench. "I want to say something."

She sat down obediently, her light skirt trailing a little and the slender foot peeping from among its ruffles.

Joseph stood before her humbly. His dark head was bent and the light traced lines of silver on it. . . . She looked at them curiously. "I haven't thanked you—" she said gently.

His hand put it aside with a gesture. "Wait . . . I didn't know you were going . . . I can't let you go—" He spoke fast—breathless—and dropped to one knee beside her—half resting on the bench. . . .

She did not move away—a grave look had crossed the childish petulance of her face. "I wish you wouldn't say things like that to me," she said. She was speaking very low. . . . "It makes me quite unhappy—" She spread her little hands.

Joseph looked at them. "I would not make you unhappy, or hurt you—for the world—"

"No . . . no—" Her lips half parted with a little smile—"I know you wouldn't. . . . You're such a kind, good man—and I love you. Everybody does, you know—They just can't help it . . ." She was looking, strange

and inscrutable into his face—as if all the mirth and all the sorrow of the world dwelt in her eyes.

"I want you to love me," said Joseph. "I want you to marry me." But his face was unutterably sad. . . . "I can not live without you—" he added simply.

She looked down at him with swift eyes. . . . "I wish you wouldn't. . . . I couldn't marry you." She shook her head. "I just couldn't marry you—I'd be glad if I could—"

There was silence in the orchard all about, and the golden day brimmed with it. . . . He had not stirred from his place.

She half put out her little hand toward him and drew it back. . . . "You see, I don't expect to marry anybody—not anybody—" She shook her head gravely. . . . Then her eyes laughed. "I'd like to, real well—but I don't ever expect to."

The toe of her slipper found a little pebble and pushed it about. "You wouldn't like it to live with me—" she said; "I'm as hard as hard to live with."

He looked up and smiled—a slow smile, that was full of tenderness and gentleness. "Don't—Anita—I understand—now—" He stood up, his hands behind him, looking down at her.

"I'm sorry I ever came to this island," she said. . . . The quick eyes brimmed and ran over. . . . She was searching among the flimsy ruffles for a bit of handkerchief. When she found it she dabbed them fiercely. . . . Then she stood up, both hands outstretched. "You'll just have to forgive me," she said. A little smile struggled up among the tears.

He took the hands, holding them fast, looking into the face of Eve—mother of men. Then he dropped them slowly. "I am glad I have loved you," he said.

"Oh—dear! Please don't—I'm going to cry again!" She searched for the handkerchief frantically. Then the laugh bubbled up. The day was filled with it and the orchard light and all the great world, and the smell of salt crept up from the sea. "Good-by." She turned away, but the eyes had brimmed again.

So he watched her move away, under the trees—out into the light, where the sunshine caught her and the flowers made a path for her, and the butterflies, on either side, rose and circled and fell as she went.

VI

HE ticking of the office clock on the wall behind him was like the echo of his thought. . . . She was gone—but the sun was shining out on the water and the sky was blue. He turned away from the window and crossed the empty room and sat down. The season was done now. There would be a few more days, then the last guests would go and the house would be closed. His hand in his pocket felt for something and drew it out—a fragile bit of lace and lightness. . . . He held it in his hand, gazing at it stupidly. It was so frail and gossamer and useless. . . . The clock ticked past the hour . . . but he had not stirred.

Some one in the hall passed the door and looked in and passed on with light foot. By and by the step came again, pausing a little by the door. Then he looked up. . . . "Did you want something—Annie?" The girl's face held its clear light steadily. "I thought you might want me, Joseph—to do something—"

"No—there is nothing to do—now. Things are about over."

"Yes—" But she waited. She did not look at the closed hand that held something in it, but only at his face.

"The cut in your forehead is worse," she said. She had come nearer, looking at it.

"Is it? I don't know—" He raised a stupid hand. "Never mind," he said.

But she was looking at it—with clear eyes. "I have something—" Her gaze lightened. "One of the boarders left it—for me. When you put it on, it heals. You wait—"

She was gone and he dreamed again. The clenched hand opened and the bit of lace fell to the table beside him.

When she returned, she pushed it a little aside, making a place for the dish of water she had brought, and the scissors and a tiny bottle of fluid.

"I wash it first—in carbolic—" She drew the dish toward her. Then she reached out. "This will do—nicely—" she said. "I forgot the cotton." She had gathered up the little handkerchief and dipped it lightly in the water.

"Bend down, Joseph—just a little, please—" The dark head, with its silver streaks, was bent obediently. . . .

The little hand that dabbed the water was very firm, but she gave an anxious look. "Does it hurt?"

"No—" He smiled a little.

"There—" She drew a quick breath. "It's clean—now." She lifted the bottle. "I put some of this on. It makes a kind of new skin, you know, and cures it—" She stood on tiptoe . . . reaching up. "It will hurt—a little—at first, but you won't mind—" "I shall not mind," said Joseph.

The cool finger-tips worked quickly. "There!" She stood off, looking at him.

A smile crossed the sad, quiet face. "Thank you, child," he said gently.

"You're quite welcome." She lifted the bit of handker-

chief from the water and squeezed it with careful fingers and laid it on the table—a little wet ball.

But her eyes were on the cut. "It will be better to-morrow," she said.

Joseph's hand had reached out to the table. It returned to his pocket. "I think it is better now," he said.

Her face glowed with happiness. "You have to be careful of hurts like that." She nodded gravely. "Sometimes they stay and get worse and make a lot of trouble—if you don't take care." She gathered up the things she had brought—the dish of water and the scissors and the little bottle of fluid. Then she turned away, her face full of happiness and a kind of childlike courage.

When she had gone the room was still again. Joseph sat motionless, staring before him. Only the tick of the clock on the wall . . . and the sun shining outside. He drew his hand from the pocket and looked down at it—a little ball of filmy wetness, in the great palm. . . . The ticking of the clock on the wall echoed his thought.



To Liberty A Toast

By OLIVER HERFORD

HERE'S to our Goddess, Liberty,
Idol of bronze and stone!
May she come to life some day
And let her charms be known.

THE HANT

(Continued from page 19)

Christmas with a nephew in India and had never been heard of afterward.

Nose Ring's ill-considered remark cast a damper over the whole company. A tall man with yellow mustaches rose nervously and sat down at the melodian where he struck a few notes at random, but the familiar sound of the homelike instrument only deepened the general sadness, and one after another the seven pirates turned their heads and fixed their eyes on him with a brooding and almost vindictive melancholy. No one, except an occasional minor poet, likes to be stared at, and Yellow Mustaches was no minor poet. He twisted slowly about on his music stool, and there was something in this combined and unwinking gaze of his seven savage companions that visibly disconcerted him.

"I'll cook the confounded supper," he remarked briskly; and a moment later they heard him busy with the pans and kettles.

Yellow Mustaches cooked a good supper, but he was slow about it. The cuckoo clock in the parlor had long ago chirped nine cuckoos when the last pannikin was emptied of rum and the last belly fairly well filled with it. They rolled pleasantly in their chairs, and Red Whisker, getting to his feet at the head of the table, voiced a general sentiment.

"A good cook ye be, Yaller Mustaches," he said dogmatically, "but a better songster. A song, says I, an' then to bed, as it's most bedtime already."

None more willing than Yellow Mustaches. He might have doubts about his ability to cook, and even a modest disinclination to practise that accomplishment, but as a musician he took a back seat for nobody; and he now led them to the parlor all a-twitter with gratified vanity. Not that he was a musician; but the type survives in every neighborhood, and the only difference is that, whereas the usual victim of his obsession has taken some lessons, Yellow Mustaches had never taken any.

He gave a gallant curl to his mustaches and another to the music stool; then he sat down and hit several of the keys in succession with his strong forefinger, for he had once seen the melodian played, and learned that the real secret is to hit with your finger and pump with your toes at the same moment. And seven delighted smiles of happy anticipation spread softly over the faces of the listening pirates as they resumed their rocking-chairs.

Yellow Mustaches sang in a sweet, unnatural voice. He had known life, had Yellow Mustaches; and when it came to sweet and simple ballads he could interpret them with all the pensive understanding of one who has also loved and suffered. Now he drew a long, sobbing breath and was off as follows:

*"There was a gentle farmer's boy
As loved a parson's daughter,
A bunch of pinks with honest joey,
He daintily picked and broought her.
But, aaah! one day,
I'm grieved to saay,
He found his dream was over.
So he cut the hay,
And skipped away
To be a jolly roover."*

Here the singer paused significantly; and the entire company, which had been waiting impatiently, roared a rollicking chorus:

*"Adoo to innocence," he cried,
'Adoo to fond deluuuusion.
I go to hide
My busted pride
And salve its sore contuuuusion.
No siren's art
Shall break my heart
Agin, or boooat me ooover?
So he cut the hay,
And skipped away
To be a jolly roover."*

Like so many other singers, Yellow Mustache's eyes roved as he sang, and now they turned wistfully to the parlor window. The nights were often mildly chilly on Nonesuch Island; the window was closed and dirty, but the stars shone through it. When the chorus ended, the musical pirate drew another long, sobbing breath, slapped the melodian coquettishly, and was away on his next stanza:

*"It happened at a sooooshibul
When all was pullin' caaandy.
This same young man, he—"*

It was a fine start, but got no further. The singer's voice quavered, stopped, and the song flickered out into a sudden terrifying silence, broken by a simultaneous scraping of seven pairs of rockers as the pirates turned to look at him. His mouth was still open to emit its music. But no sound came from the round black aperture; and on either side of it his yellow mustaches bristled so stiff with terror that his expression was like the little o of the typewriter when the ingenious typist puts four hyphens on either side to indicate a break in the narrative.

He glared straight at the window, and as the seven pirates followed the direction of his glare the cozy room quivered with their simultaneous shudder. Pressed against the pane, where it made a round, wet spot about the size of a dime, was a round, fat nose under a shining cranium which the light of the room illuminated with a ghastly radiance. And from the face beneath, which dimly suggested a large, water-soaked potato, a pair of blue eyes gazed into the room with a mingled look of hope and apprehension. Yellow Mustaches staggered to his feet wildly. His teeth rattled together, and each individual hair on his head stood on tiptoe as if trying to see what was the matter.

"It's him!" he stuttered. "It's pore, ole Bald Head, as I m-m-murdered by a-p-p-pushin' of him overboard all in f-f-fun like! It's his hant, an' he's a-comin' after me! Oh! Oh!" And with a terrified wail the anguished musician staggered against the melodian, which wailed in unison. It was the first time that the instrument had ever given out a note in harmony with his own voice, and the dismal, unexpected sound completed the univer-

sal panic. Instinctively the seven pirates had drawn their cutlasses, but at the horrified scream of the melodeon the useless weapons fell with a clatter from their nervous fingers.

"A hant! hant!" they stuttered, too; and with one desperate thought in common they rushed tumultuously upstairs to their bedroom, where they undressed hastily, tumbled into bed, and pulled the covers over their ashen faces. No ghost has ever been known to turn down a bedcover, but even in this security they still shook and shuddered.

In the deserted parlor the light of the ship's lantern illuminated seven overturned rocking-chairs (with white ties), one overturned piano stool, seven cutlasses, and sixteen scattered carpet slippers. On the wall over the melodeon the elders (for nothing could stop them) still peeped at Susanna. And outside the silent stars looked down at the unaccustomed spectacle of a baldheaded man running as fast as his legs could carry him toward the *Sacred Sarah*.

Wherein the Wicked Company Tiptoes from the Sleeping-Chamber, leaving Yellow Mustaches in Perilous Plight in His Nightie

PIRATES at home usually slept late, but it was only nine o'clock the next morning when Red Whisker cautiously projected his fierce and serious countenance from under his bedclothes. Framed in the white counterpane, he was a sorry, and even comical, looking pirate, for he had neglected to comb out his beard before retiring, and restless slumber had tied several of the cues together in a hard knot that pulled his cheeks forward and gave him the pensive, pouting expression of a plump, innocent young girl just learning to whistle. The seven other pirates still had their heads under the bedclothes.

"If so happened as I hopped into th' wrong bed last night, careless like," he muttered, "'t stands to reason as somebody else has been a-hoppin' into the wrong bed. An' how's a fellow goin' to know which of his merry companions is which? That's the conundrum I'm a-skin' of myself." Then his face lighted, and he smiled so broadly that he hurt himself and was compelled to pause and untie his cues. Snores emanated from each pirate coverlet, but from under one of them came a sound like the thin whistle of a peanut roaster.

"That's him," muttered Red Whisker. "That's pore ole Yaller Mustaches a-snorin' like a human tea kettle."

And with that he hopped silently out of bed and went softly from one sleeping figure to another. He woke them gently, and six fierce men got cautiously out of bed and followed Red Whisker downstairs to the parlor. From the seventh bed the whistling sound continued louder than ever; but hardly had the last nightgown rustled down the narrow stairway when a pair of long yellow mustaches appeared warily from under the coverlet and the owner carefully tiptoed after them.

Once in the parlor, the seven desperate men responded to force of habit. They drew up their rockers, lit their pipes, put on their carpet slippers, and elevated their feet to the surface of the marble-topped table.

"Now this 'ere hant," said Red Whisker, coming directly to the point. "I loved ole Bald Head, so to speak, as much as any. Praised his cookin' I allus did. Made a pet of him in more ways than one, as ye'll all bear me out in it. But a hant's different. Not as I'm feared of 'em, mind ye, but I don't like 'em, an' that's a fact, gentlemen."

He had struck the right note, and a murmur of agreement ran around the table. It was the unanimous opinion of the seven pirates that while none of them were afraid of ghosts there was unquestionably something undesirable about them as steady companions. The man with the nose-ring offered an explanation while he absently polished that admirable ornament with the hem of his nightgown.

"It's their cussed unexpectedness, Whisker." "So 'tis," said another. "Allus a-bobbin' of their selves up when they ain't wanted."

"An' a-listenin', too," added a third. "Mebbe you has a leetle secret an' you tells it to a comrade confidential-like, an' then you looks round an' there's the cussed hant a-lookin' at you. Never a smile on him either. That's what I hates about 'em. They're so ——— sad."

"An' who do a hant hant?" continued Red Whisker in a tone of argument. "Hants the pussun who's been a murderin' of him if so be he don't live too far off for a hant to reach him. Made a good many hants we have, fust an' last," he added, with a touch of professional pride; "but the pore things don't come a-hantin' of us cos we allus murders 'em away from home, businesslike. But now here's ole Yaller Mustaches, he goes a-murderin' of ole Bald Head right here on the island. An' here's ole Bald Head, he comes a-hantin' of ole Yaller Mustaches an' a-hantin' of us incidental. It's a sittyvation, says I, as must be handled without no silly sentiment. Practical men we be, an' there ain't but one way to lay a hant."

He paused significantly; and with a simultaneous movement the seven companions took their feet off the table and replaced them with their elbows, thus bringing their scowling faces close together over the wax flowers. It was their favorite attitude when plotting. Their voices sunk to a hoarse whisper in which the words "trial" and "execution" were delightedly audible. Then they disputed, and for a few minutes it looked as if their peaceful garments might soon be blushing with the blood of unseemly conflict, but Red Whisker put an end to it. He strode to the corner cupboard and returned with a dice-box in one hand and a pistol in the other.

"Judge I'm a-goin' to be, gentlemen all," he remarked grimly, "'n there's an end on it. An' what's the use o' quarrelin' over the jury an' th' opposin' counsel when we've got to have the trial immedjit after pore ole Yaller Mustaches have washed up the breakfast dishes? Shake for it, says I, an' then all hands together to rig th' gallus."

The dice shook in the box, and Yellow Mustaches shook

in his nightgown as he listened at the head of the stairway; then, as he heard them rise from the table, he sped back to bed and again tucked his head under the bedclothes. Never had life seemed sweeter to him, and his brain whirled under his pillow as he sought some way of prolonging it.

Fortunately, it whirled to some purpose. He got out of bed grimly, took several pillows, and arranged them cunningly under his own coverlet until they looked like a tall and unawakened sleeper. It was a ghostly business, recalling as it did the operation of burial, but soon finished, and he contemplated the dummy with satisfaction as he picked up his trousers and started to dress himself. But the legs of the doomed pirate trembled in spite of him; he found it difficult to project them into the proper apertures; and even as he was for the third time withdrawing his right foot from the left leg of these ordinarily friendly garments, the fatal step of a carpet slipper sounded ominously at the foot of the

Reminiscences of a Dancing Man

By THOMAS HARDY

WHO now remembers Almack's balls—
Willis's sometimes named—

In those two smooth-floored upper halls

For faded ones so famed?

Where as we trod to trilling sound

The fancied phantoms stood around,

Or joined us in the maze,

Of the powdered Dears from Georgian years,

Whose dust lay in eighteen sealed-up biers;

The fairest of former days.

II

WHO now remembers gay Cremorne
And all its jaunty jills,

And those wild whirling figures born

Of Jullien's grand quadrilles?

With hats on head and morning coats

Then footed to his prancing notes

Our partner-girls and we;

And the gas-jets winked, and the lusters clinked,

And the platform throbbed as with arms enlinked,

We moved to the minstrelsy.

III

WHO now recalls those crowded rooms
Of old yclept "The Argyll,"

Where to the deep Drum-polka's booms

We hopped in boisterous style?

Whither have danced those damselfs now!

Is Death the partner who doth now

Their normy chaps and bare?

Do their spectres spin like sparks within

The smoky halls of the Prince of Sin

To a thunderous Jullien air?

1895.

stairway. With a muttered exclamation he threw his trousers from him and sped to the window, which commanded a pleasant view of the ocean that in happier moments he had often paused to appreciate. But the carpet slipper was now half-way up the staircase; and with a bitter oath he leaped from the window to the roof of the kitchen ell and in another moment was speeding out of the door of the fort.

Nothing would have more keenly distressed Yellow Mustaches, under ordinary circumstances, than to be abroad by day with nothing on but his nightgown. But now his sole thought was to put as much ground as possible between himself and his once congenial companions, and he remembered instinctively that the island was widest from west to east. Lack of breath compelled him after a time to stop running, but he still pushed earnestly eastward, and at the end of an hour, such was the speed lent him by his well-founded terror, reached the long beach at the extreme easterly end of the island. The ocean forbade further progress, and the wreck of the *Sacred Sarah* offered the only visible shelter.

The *Sacred Sarah* had had a good-sized cabin, and Yellow Mustaches entered well into it before he realized that it was already occupied. At the table in the center sat a man wearing a green hat ingeniously contrived of palm leaves. He was back to the entrance, and sat in the cramped and rigidly easy attitude of a careful penman, muttering to himself a succession of apparently meaningless letters. The fugitive's bare feet made no sound on the floor of the ancient cabin, and the discovery of its busy occupant startled him into temporary forgetfulness of his own troubles. Afraid of no single man was Yellow Mustaches.

"How now, my jolly buck!" he exclaimed in a round

voice. And he twirled his mustaches, swaggered to the table, and gave the mysterious penman a jovial whack on his rigid shoulder.

The effect was magical. "M," said the man suddenly; and his hat, disintegrated by the force of the blow, fell in a shower of green leaves over his shoulders and revealed his bald, yellow head wrinkled with surprise, vexation, and apprehension. He half rose from the table and turned sharply to see what had hit him.

"The hant!" cried Yellow Mustaches. "The hant!" He tried to flee, but his legs failed him (as would have been natural enough even had he not been seized by that awful paralysis which, thank Heaven, afflicts most of us only in nightmares), and he stood swaying like a paper soldier that has been left on guard in front of the nursery register. The other wondered at him. He looked quickly toward the cabin hatchway, and, seeing that his visitor was alone, his expression softened to a look of combined indignation and curiosity.

"Who's a hant?" he demanded. "An' what be you a-doin' of runnin' round in your nightie, Yaller Mustaches?"

Hardly could he have found a question better calculated to shock the other into common sense. The thought flashed over Yellow Mustaches that no real ghost is ever visible by daylight.

"I—I've just got up," he remarked weakly; and with a painful blush he sat down hastily at the further side of the table. As in the familiar case of two old friends meeting unexpectedly on a street corner, silence fell between the two pirates and each regarded the other across the table with a dumb, determined expression of cordiality. Each was full of questions which the unexpectedness of the meeting had rudely jarred into a hopeless chaos.

"It's a warm day," said Yellow Mustaches, after several efforts to begin a natural-sounding conversation.

"Hot," said Bald Head, after a considerable interval. "Where you been a-keepin' of yourself, ole feller?"

"Oh, just a-cruisin'," returned the other, indifferently. "Same ole story. What you been a-doin'?"

"Writin'," said Bald Head, with a proud glance at his manuscript. "Letters an' sentences, an'—an' a sort of tale," he added, suddenly yielding to a natural temptation. "Now just you listen to this, ole feller, an' tell me honest-like what you think of it."

And with that, after the manner of young and determined authors, he fixed his victim with a proud, hesitating eye and began to read his manuscript. Yellow Mustaches stirred uneasily in his nightgown, but the modest author still had his cutlass, and there was nothing to do but sit tight and listen. And in spite of himself Yellow Mustaches found it interesting.

"Now I am back on the isle. My raft did not work"—so Bald Head finished. And with what must have been an instinctive affectation of modesty (for he was neither an affected pirate nor an indifferent author) he crossed the cabin to where he kept his sweet fern and tremulously busied himself filling his pipe.

Yellow Mustaches meditated. His eyes roved the cabin, climbed the ladder, and suddenly expanded as they encountered two others gazing greedily at him over a bushy red beard. Red Whisker himself peered cautiously down the hatchway; his eyes glowed like a cat's; and behind him, although Yellow Mustaches could not see them, six ferocious pirates, armed to the very teeth, in which they gripped their naked cutlasses, lay on their bellies and squirmed, snake-like, toward the cabin of the *Sacred Sarah*.

"Come out, you murderer!" roared Red Whisker. Great was his satisfaction that he was at last going to kill some one without committing an act of palpable injustice, and his voice showed it.

But nothing so annoys an author as this kind of an interruption to critical discussion. In the bitterness of his spirit, Bald Head forgot his former terrors and stepped boldly under the hatchway.

"Who's he been a-murderin' of now?" he demanded tartly; and his tone was so human that Red Whisker, even as he recoiled in horror from the bald head shining below him, could not but realize its unghostlike quality.

"Y—Y—You," he explained doubtfully.

"Him kill me!" echoed Bald Head indignantly; but the thought recalled his own dangerous position. Caught he was. There was no way out of the cabin. But when he again spoke it was with the dignity of a brave man at his last extremity. "Mebbe ye can all do it together," he said simply. "An' now as the end is come, Whisker, all I'm a-skin' of ye is the temporary use o' a pint o' rum."

The request was plain enough, although the words puzzled the hearer. Behind him his six companions wriggled venomously nearer and nearer, pausing now and then to get a better grip on their cutlasses with their tired teeth. They saw Red Whisker take a flask from his pocket and hand it cautiously down the hatchway. Nearer they crept; when all at once the broad back of their leader straightened so suddenly that six mouths opened and six cutlasses fell with a single thud on the white sand. There they lay untouched and unheeded. Red Whisker stood with one hand on his hip; the index finger of the other pointed into the cabin; and his dishonest face glowed with satisfied conviction.

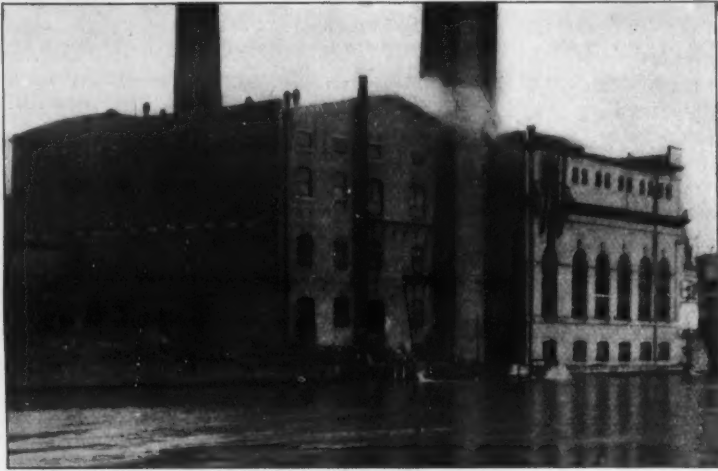
"It weren't no hant," he shouted joyously. "It were ole Bald Head himself. An' here he is down in this very cabin, alive—an' drinkin'!"

Here Endeth the Memorable and Extraordinarily Remarkable Four-Part Narrative of Eight Melodious Pirates and the Terrible Pallid Face at the Window.

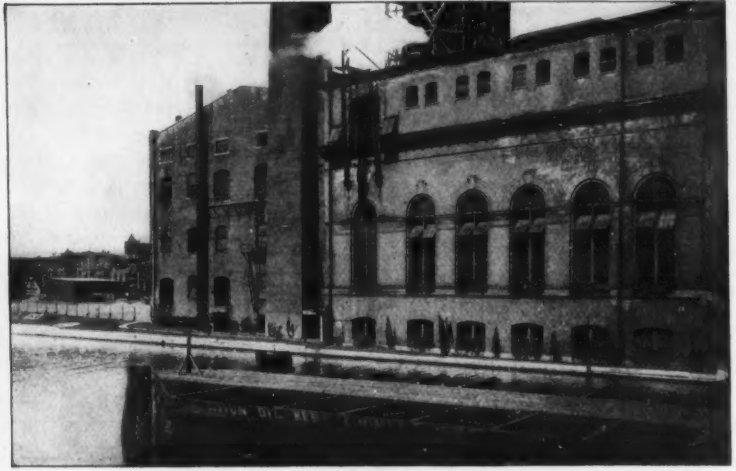
MEHTABEL, a narrative in four parts, being the Startling Piratical Adventures of a Virtuous New England Schoolmistress in the Hands of These Unlettered and Ferocious Freebooters, appeared in the Thanksgiving Issue, Dated November 21, 1908



These were the conditions as they existed in a block just north of the Wisconsin Street Bridge, a point viewed by more people than any other spot in the city



A view of one of the power-houses of the Milwaukee Electric Railway and Lighting Company before the river-front improvements were begun



This picture shows the transformation in the appearance of the power-house after the officials of the company had become imbued with the improvement spirit

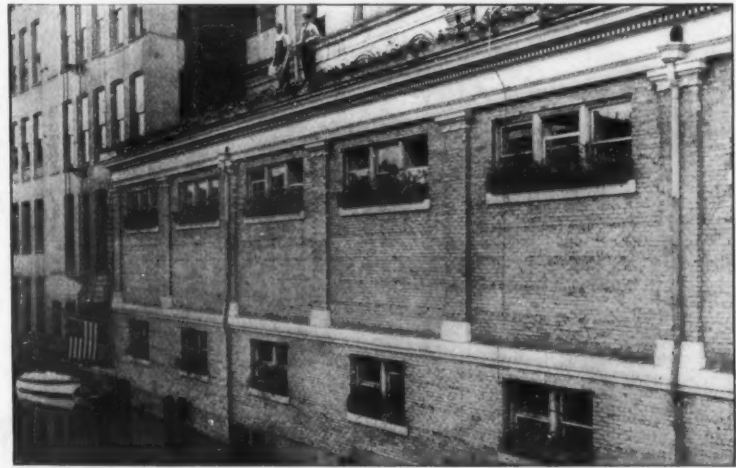
Milwaukee's River-Front

By J. HORACE McFARLAND

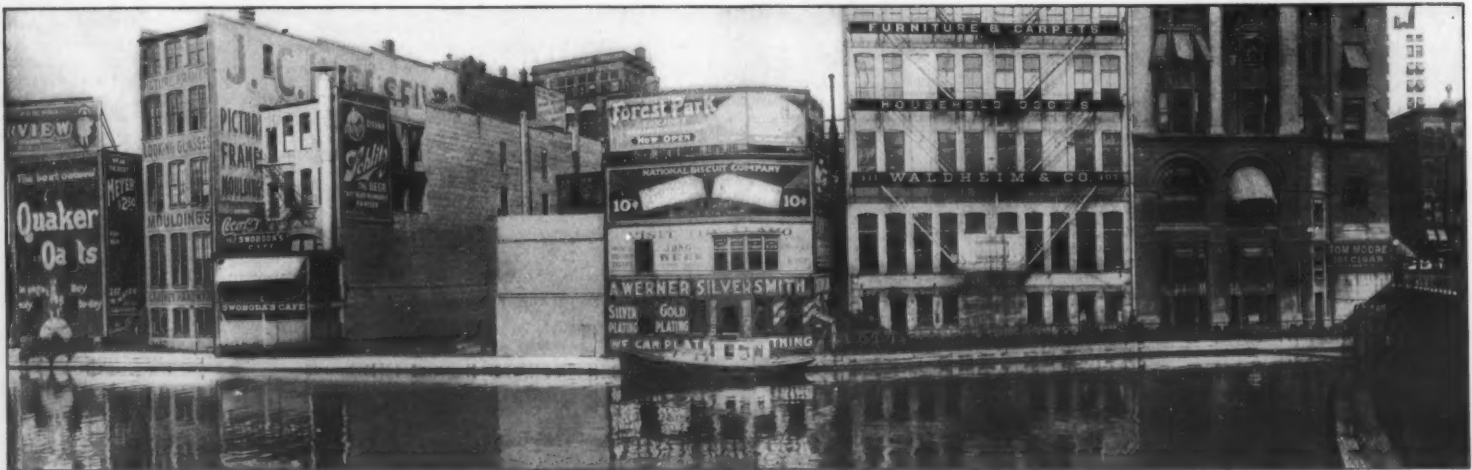
THE pictorial story here shown is most suggestive. It means that one American city, live, vigorous, and wealthy, is beginning to care for its appearance, to reach out toward the city beautiful. Bad as are the best of the conditions shown, they are better than the best in Chicago, in Detroit, or in Cincinnati, or any other American city with a "business" water-front. With knowledge of the way in which Amsterdam and Hamburg, Paris and London, Stockholm and Copenhagen, treat their commercial waterways, Milwaukee will never be satisfied until she has what her wealth and energy entitle her to—a completely pleasing and completely efficient water-front. She will get double value from this water-front, in its effect on her own people and in its drawing power on "beauty travel."

As but one mile in fifteen of America's possible waterways has been developed for commerce, there is both opportunity and danger at present—opportunity to have these waterways both pleasing to the eye and useful to commerce, and danger that they will be "improved" into the ugliness of the Erie Canal or of the Allegheny or Schuylkill River. With consideration of the value of public beauty, these waterways, through city and country, will be more than ugly trenches and open sewers. Winona, Minnesota, has made her Mississippi River levee-front a beautiful park and a safe landing-place. In Grand Rapids, Wisconsin, some public-spirited men and women bought the banks of the Wisconsin River, then leased them as public property to the city for the city's good, and chased off bill-boards.

Hundreds of American communities are now using the rivers which border or bisect them as dumps and sewers. If we are fit to have what Europe has, we will begin to clean up and beautify our water-fronts.



Flower boxes in the windows and on the roof of the store of Gimbel Brothers, illustrating one of the attractive forms which the river-front work has assumed



Contrast this picture with the one at the top of the page. It shows the same situation after improvement work had been commenced



Who Prefers Van Camp's?

Madam, you should raise your hand. All of your people like Van Camp's better than home-baked beans. Yet this ready-baked dish means less to them than to you.

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The result is always the same. All, save the housewife, will vote for Van Camp's. The housewife, of course, can't decry her own dish.

Yet, Mrs. Housewife, think what Van Camp's mean to you. Think of the time and the fuel you'll save when you once vote with the rest.

Think of what it will mean to have a dozen meals in the house, ready for instant serving.

All people like their beans nutty, mealy and whole. Yet you can't get them that way without a steam oven.

People want their beans to digest, so they won't ferment and form gas. No home oven can make them digestible.

People like the tomato sauce baked into the beans.

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They contain more food than meat or eggs or cheese. Yet they cost but a fraction as much.

See what a saving it makes on your meat bills to serve beans that people like.

Here are the reasons why Van Camp's excel beans baked at home. Note that the fault does not lie with you, but solely with your lack of facilities.

Our ovens are heated to 245 degrees. And we bake in small parcels so the full heat goes through. Thus we break up the particles so the digestive juices can get to them.

The beans in the center of your baking dish rarely get more than 100 degrees. That's not half heat enough. That's why your beans ferment and form gas.

We bake in live steam—not in dry heat. Thus we bake our beans until they are mealy, yet not a bean is crisped or broken.

Your top beans are crisped. The rest of your beans are mushy and broken. That is all due to dry heat.

Then we bake the beans, the tomato sauce and the pork all together, and get our delicious blend. Those are the reasons why people prefer Van Camp's.

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Some beans sell as low as 30 cents per bushel. We pay \$2.25 for ours.

We could buy tomato sauce ready-made for exactly one-fifth what we spend to make ours. But ours is made solely from whole

ripe tomatoes—ripened on the vines—picked when the juice fairly sparkles.

That's how we get our superlative zest.

Please bear in mind this difference in beans and tomato sauce. You will find, if you compare them, that no other brand is half so good as Van Camp's.

Be sure that you get what you want.

Three sizes: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can.

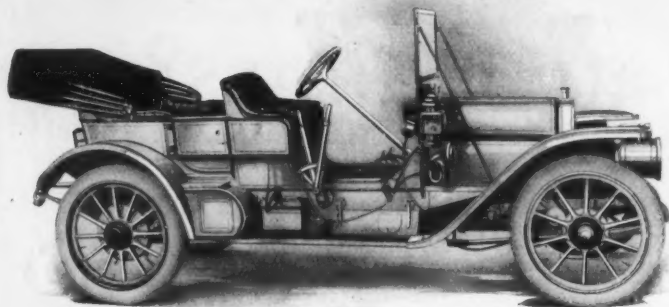
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Little Foxes

(Continued from page 17)

"And how did they do before they died?" said the Inspector.

"They ran about in the sun and slavered at the mouth till they died."

"Wherefore?"

"God knows. He sent the madness. It was no fault of mine."

"Thy mouth hath answered thee," the Inspector laughed. "It is with men as it is with dogs. God afflicts some with a madness. It is no fault of ours if such men run about in the sun and froth at the mouth. The man who is coming will emit spray from his mouth in speaking, and will always edge and push in towards his hearers. When we see and hear him we will understand that he is an afflicted of God; being mad. He is in God's hands."

"But our titles—are our titles to our lands good?" the crowd repeated.

"Your titles are in my hands—they are good," said the Governor.

"And he who wrote the writings is an afflicted of God?" said Farag's uncle.

"The Inspector hath said it," cried the Governor. "Ye will see when the man comes. O sheikhs and men, have we ridden together and walked puppies together, and bought and sold barley for the horses—that after these years we should run riot on the scent of a madman—an afflicted of God?"

"But the hunt pays us to kill mad jackals," said Farag's uncle. "And he who questions my titles to my land—"

"Aahh! 'Ware riot!" The Governor's hunting crop cracked like a three-pounder.

"By Allah," he thundered, "if the afflicted of God comes to any harm at your hands, I myself will shoot every hound and every puppy, and the hunt shall ride no more. On your heads be it. Go in peace, and tell the others."

"The hunt shall ride no more," said Farag's uncle. "Then how can the land be governed? No—no, O Excellency our Governor, we will not harm a hair on the head of the afflicted of God. He shall be to us as is Abu Hussein's wife in the breeding season."

When they were gone the Governor mopped his forehead.

"We must put a few soldiers in every village this Groombride visits, Baker. Tell 'em to keep out of sight, but keep an eye on the villagers. He's trying 'em rather high."

"O Excellency," said the smooth voice of Farag, laying the "Field" and "Country Life" square on the table, "is the afflicted of God who resembles Bigger-bai one with the man whom the Bimbashi met in the great house in England, to whom he told the tale of the Mudir's cranes?"

"The one same man, Farag," said the Inspector.

"I have often heard the Inspector tell the tale to our Excellency at feeding time in the kennels; but since I am in the Government service I have never told it to my people. May I loose that tale among the villagers?"

The Governor nodded. "No harm," said he.

THE details of Mr. Groombride's arrival with his interpreter, who he proposed should eat with him at the Governor's table, his allocation to the Governor on the New Movement, and the sins of Imperialism, I purposely omit. At three in the afternoon Mr. Groombride said: "I will go out now and address your victims in this village."

"Won't you find it rather hot?" said the Governor. "They generally take a nap till sunset at this time of year."

Mr. Groombride's large, loose lips set. "That," he replied pointedly, "would be enough to decide me. I fear you have not quite mastered your instructions. May I ask you to send for my interpreter? I hope he has not been tampered with by some subordinates."

He was a yellowish boy called Abdul, who had well eaten and drunk with Farag. The Inspector, by the way, was not present at the meal.

"At whatever risk, I shall go unattended," said Mr. Groombride. "Your presence would cow them from giving evidence. Abdul, my good friend, would you very kindly open the umbrella?"

He passed up the gangplank to the village, and with no more prelude than a Salvation Army picket in a Portsmouth slum, cried: "Oh, my brothers!"

He did not guess how his path had been prepared. The village was widely awake. Farag, in loose, flowing garments, quite unlike a kennel huntsman's khaki and puttees, leaned against the wall of his

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uncle's house. "Come and see the afflicted of God," he cried musically, "whose face truly resembles that of Biggle-bai."

The village came, and decided that on the whole Farag was right.

"I can't quite catch what they are saying," said Mr. Groombridge.

"They saying they very much pleased to see you, sar," Abdul interpreted.

"Then I do think they might have sent a deputation to the steamer, but I suppose they were frightened of the officials. Tell them not to be frightened, Abdul."

"He says you are not to be frightened," Abdul explained. A child here sputtered with laughter. "Refrain from mirth!" Farag cried. "The afflicted of God is the guest of the Excellency our Governor. We are responsible for every hair of his head."

"He has none," a voice spoke. "He has the white and the shining mange."

"Now tell them what I have come for, Abdul, and please keep the umbrella well up. I think I shall reserve myself for my little Arabic speech at the end."

"Approach! Look! Listen!" Abdul chanted. "The afflicted of God will not make sport. Presently he will speak in your tongue, and will consume you with mirth. I have been his servant for three weeks. I will tell you about his undergarments and his perfume for his head."

He told them at length.

"And didst thou take any of his perfume bottles?" said Farag at the end.

"I am his servant. I took two," Abdul replied.

"Ask him," said Farag's uncle, "what he knows about our land-titles. Ye young men are all alike." He waved a pamphlet. Mr. Groombridge smiled to see how the good seed sown in London has borne fruit by Gihon. Lo! All the seniors held copies of the pamphlet.

"He knows less than any buffalo. He told me on the steamer that he was driven out of his own land by Demah-Kerazi, which is a devil inhabiting crowds and assemblies," said Abdul.

"Allah between us and evil," a woman cackled from the darkness of a hut. "Come in, children, he may have the Evil Eye."

"No, my aunt," said Farag. "No afflicted of God has an evil eye. Wait till ye hear his mirth-provoking speech which he will deliver. I have heard it twice from Abdul."

"They seem very quick to grasp the point. How far have you got, Abdul?"

"All about the beatings, sar. They are highly interested."

"Don't forget the local self-government, and please hold the umbrella over me. It is hopeless to destroy unless one first builds up."

"He may not have the Evil Eye," Farag's uncle grunted, "but his devil led him too certainly to question my land-title. Ask him whether he still doubts my land-title?"

"Or mine, or mine?" cried the elders.

"What odds? He is an afflicted of God," Farag called. "Remember the tale I told you."

"Yes, but he is an Englishman, and doubtless of influence, or our Excellency would not entertain him. Bid the down-country jackass ask him."

"Sar," said Abdul, "these people, much fearing they may be turned out of their land in consequence of your remarks. Therefore they ask you to make promise no bad consequences following your visit."

Mr. Groombridge held his breath and turned purple. Then he stamped his foot.

"Tell them," he cried, "that if a hair of any one of their heads is touched by any official on any account whatever, all England shall ring with it. Good God! What callous oppression! The dark places of the earth are full of cruelty." He wiped his face, and throwing out his arms cried: "Tell them, oh! tell the poor serfs not to be afraid of me. Tell them I come to redress their wrongs—not, Heaven knows, to add to their burden."

The long-drawn gurgle of the practised public speaker pleased them much.

"That is how the new water-tap runs out in the kennel," said Farag. "The Excellency our Governor entertains him that he may make sport. Make him say the mirth-moving speech."


"What did he say about my land-titles?" Farag's uncle was not to be turned.

"He says," Farag interpreted, "that he desires nothing better than that you should live on your lands in peace. He talks as though he believed himself to be Governor."

"Well. We here are all witnesses to what he has said. Now go forward with the sport." Farag's uncle smoothed his garments. "How diversely hath Allah made His creatures! On one He bestows strength to slay Emirs; another He causes

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to go mad and wander in the sun, like the afflicted sons of Melik-meid."

"Yes, and to emit spray from the mouth, as the Inspector told us. All will happen as the Inspector foretold," said Farag. "I have never seen the Inspector thrown out during any run."

"I think," Abdul plucked at Mr. Groombride's sleeves, "I think perhaps it is better now, sar, if you give your fine Arabic speech. They not understanding English, but much pleased to your condescensions."

"Condescensions?" Mr. Groombride spun round. "If they only knew how I felt towards them in my heart! If I could express a tithe of my feelings! I must stay here and learn the language. Hold up the umbrella, Abdul! I think my little speech will show them I know something of their *vic intime*."

It was a short, simple, carefully-learned address, and the accent, supervised by Abdul, on the steamer, allowed the hearers to guess its meaning, which was a request to see one of the Mudir's cranes—since the desire of the speaker's life, the object to which he would consecrate his days, was to improve the condition of the Mudir's cranes. But first he must behold them with his own eyes. Would, then, his brethren, whom he loved, show him a Mudir's crane?

Once, twice, and again in his peroration he repeated his demand, using always—that they might see he was acquainted with their local argot—using always, I say, the word which the Inspector had given him in England long ago—the short adhesive word which, by itself, surprises even unblushing Ethiopia.

There are limits to the sublime politeness of an ancient people. A bulky, blue-chinned man in white clothes, his name red-lettered across his lower shirt front, spluttering from under a green-lined umbrella almost tearful appeals to be introduced to the untroudeable; naming loudly the unnamable; dancing, as it seemed, in perverse joy at mere mention of the unmentionable—found those limits. There was a moment's hush, and then such mirth as Gihon through his centuries had never heard—a roar like to the roar of his own cataracts in flood. Children cast themselves on the ground, and rolled back and forth cheering and whooping; strong men, their faces hidden in their clothes, swayed in silence, till the agony became insupportable, and they threw up their heads and bayed at the sun; women, mothers and virgins, shrilled shriek upon mounting shriek, and slapped their thighs as it might have been the roll of musketry. When they tried to draw breath, some half-strangled voice would quack out the word, and the riot began afresh. Last to fall was the city-trained Abdul. He held on to the edge of apoplexy, then collapsed, throwing the umbrella from him.

Mr. Groombride should not be judged too harshly. Exercise and strong emotion under a hot sun, the shock of public ingratitude, for the moment ruffled his spirit. He furlled the umbrella, and with it beat the prostrate Abdul, crying that he had been betrayed.

In which posture the Inspector, on horseback, followed by the Governor, suddenly found him.

"HAT'S all very well," said the Inspector, when he had taken Abdul's dramatically dying depositions on the steamer, "but you can't hammer a native merely because he laughs at you. I see nothing for it but the law to take its course."

"You might reduce the charge to—er—tampering with an interpreter," said the Governor. Mr. Groombride was too far gone to be comforted.

"It's the publicity that I fear," he wailed. "Is there no possible means of hushing up the affair? You don't know what a question—a single question in the House means to a man of my position—the ruin of my political career, I assure you."

"I shouldn't have imagined it," said the Governor thoughtfully.

"And, though perhaps I ought not to say it, I am not without honor in my own country—or influence. A word in season, as you know, Your Excellency. It might carry an official far."

The Governor shuddered.

"Yes, that had to come too," he said to himself. "Well, look here. If I tell this man of yours to withdraw the charge against you, you can go to Gehenna for aught I care. The only condition I make is, that if you write—I suppose that's part of your business—about your travels, you don't praise me!"

So far, Mr. Groombride has loyally adhered to this understanding.

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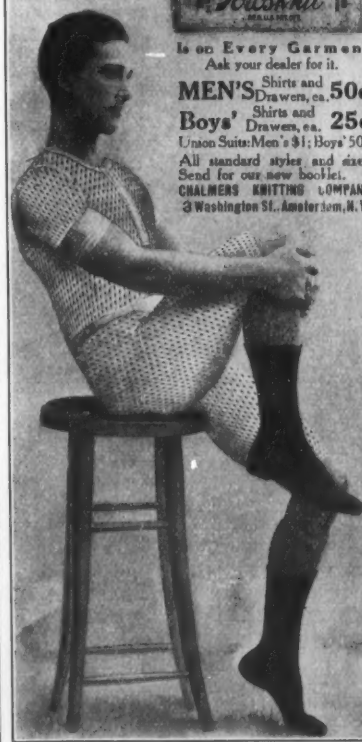
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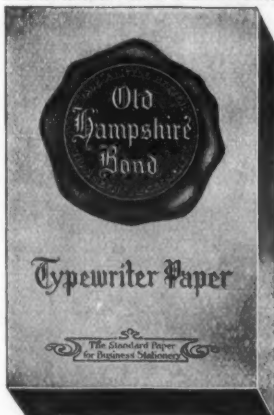
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Provided Heels of Live Rubber encourage walking and induce normal attitudes in walking, then it follows that they cause you to use the ball of your foot as the fulcrum, and the muscles of your leg to lift your body in walking.

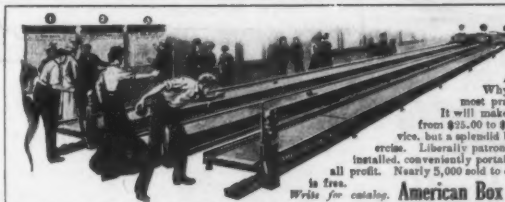
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Having placed himself, Mr. James marches back and forth across the deserts and plains, pointing out something here that we whites might learn to our advantage, and shaping a positive "don't do that any longer" there. There is deep breathing, as an example—the breathing exercises prescribed at one of our best-known sanatoria are what many tribes of Indians have practised for generations. And the real outdoors life—sleeping out of doors, working, so far as possible, in the open, going out of doors always to play, splashing out at the height of a storm to find out, as John Muir put it, that "nature has always something rare to show us." Like the birds, the Indian "doesn't know enough to go in when it rains." Unfortunately, Mr. James reflects, we whites have acquired this useless knowledge.

Respect for physical labor Mr. James finds in various tribes of Indians. "What labor he has to do, the Indian does gladly, cheerfully, openly. He is not ashamed to have soiled hands." Nor are his wife and daughter.

Hints also of a wide philosophy are contained in the chapters on the Indian's conception of social usage, his frankness, his theory of the nude, his attitude toward the superfluities of life, his self-restraint, his uncomplicated belief in immortality, and his calm meeting of death. At the last, says Mr. James, the Indian echoes Browning:

"I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, And forbore, and bade me creep past. No! let me taste the whole of it; fare like my peers, The heroes of old!"

Not very smoothly written, intemperate in places, overenthusiastic at times, these chapters, nevertheless, help us to set up the Indian as a human being, rather than a capering, feather-duster-topped savage, a man with tried race habits and traditions, wise enough to work out a well-adapted plan of living and stick to it remarkably well.

J. M. O.

On Certain Tendencies

TIMES change. Who would have expected to find the "Ladies' Home Journal" heading a campaign for greater frankness toward children about the relation of morality to hygiene? No periodical has a clientele more sensitive to the proprieties—more likely to be prudish. If Mr. Bok and Mr. Curtis had not had the courage of intelligence they never would have undertaken the present series of talks. This performance of the "Ladies' Home Journal" was recalled to my mind by a little medical book at which I have just been glancing. It is written by Dr. Follen Cabot, published by E. R. Treat & Co., New York, and called "Diseases of the Bladder"; but the reason for mentioning it at all in a magazine of general circulation such as COLLIER'S is that any one who wishes to read a few pages, beginning at page 23, will learn some very important facts, put here with a medical brevity and precision which was not possible to the "Ladies' Home Journal." Wives, husbands, parents, and all intending to enter any of these groups, will be better equipped for proper living after this information is acquired.

The medical profession changes, like all others. It realizes more than ever before that its work can be helped forward in no way more than by increased knowledge among the people. Dr. Cabot's book reaches a few. The "Ladies' Home Journal" reaches millions. The technical expert and the popularizing medium can work together for the best future advantage of the people.

The general public, like every other division of the human race, has its shortcomings as well as its inspirations. It has the power to make a harmful fool of itself, as shown in the victories which it has won against science in vivisection laws abroad. In scientific matters the voice of the people has frequently small resemblance to the voice of God. The ideas passed from mouth to mouth about the morality connected with sex are equally inadequate. It is a case where the public needs instruction from the doctors and where the average physician also needs information from those members of his profession who have gathered special knowledge of the subject.

N. H.

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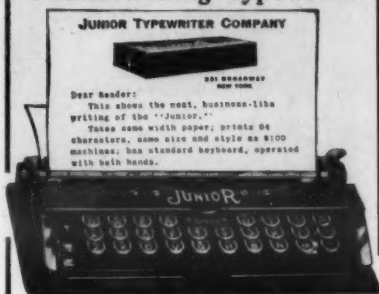
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By WALDO P. WARREN

THE BUYER'S TASK

WHENEVER has had difficulty in deciding which of two or more articles on a counter he will purchase may be able to appreciate the task which confronts the buyer of a stock of merchandise. The numbers of varieties offered for selection are almost beyond belief. In the toy department of a large wholesale house, the following figures were obtained in regard to the goods actually being shown at one time in the sample rooms:

Magic lanterns, 250 varieties.
Boats, 300 varieties.
Engines, 500 varieties.
Horns, 1,000 varieties.
Christmas tree ornaments, 2,000 varieties.
Dolls, 12,000 varieties.

Even these large numbers do not represent all the possible varieties the general market affords. They merely represent the numbers which one wholesaler selected for his customers out of perhaps ten times those numbers in the samples shown by manufacturers.

In gathering this assortment of Christmas tree ornaments, which are now being ordered for next Christmas, it was necessary to deal with 750 manufacturers throughout Europe, and the selection of 2,000 samples represents only a fraction of the samples submitted by manufacturers. When it is considered that almost every person uses dishes at three meals a day, and that the prices of plates may range from a few cents each to a thousand dollars or more a set, it is not surprising to learn that the same wholesaler would display in his sample rooms over 250,000 varieties of articles in china.

The buyer has, within such ranges of variety, opportunity to "make or break" the patronage of a store by the wisdom and taste he uses in making his selections.

PART OF THE PRICE

IT IS interesting to observe that a great deal of the expense of doing business is made necessary to prevent dishonesty. There are many overseers whose chief business is to see that others keep at work. There are elaborate systems of bookkeeping and checking which are designed primarily to prevent misdealing. From the time a piece of raw material is taken from its original source, until the goods are made and delivered and receipted for, there is this constantly accumulating expense for protection. The public at last pays for it. Every high price, and every low bank account, every skimmed luxury or necessity, and every unsatisfied need is, in some degree, a reminder that one is helping to pay the price of insincerity and dishonesty. It ought to make the opposite virtues much admired by those who prefer to enjoy the full fruits of their labor.

SPECIFICATIONS

AN IDEA of the influence of American standards on foreign manufacture may be gained from considering one of the definite ways in which this influence is manifested. The time was when American wholesalers and importers were largely content to buy such things as they could in foreign countries and offer them for sale in this. If the articles were made according to German taste or French taste or Dutch taste, they came over about as they were made, and the homes of America were fitted out with a heterogeneous assortment of foreign-made articles. Gradually the importer began to learn that it was easier to sell the things that approximated the American standards, and his orders to foreign manufacturers included specifications as to style and design, such as would be acceptable to the more particular classes of his customers. When we consider that one large importer in America may deal with as many as five thousand foreign manufacturers, and in many cases give them the largest orders they receive, every item of every order having passed under the critical eye of men skilled in knowing what American taste requires, it is evident that this influence

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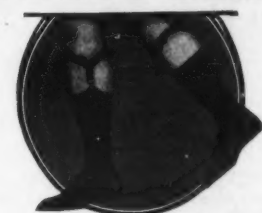
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is very great. It would be odd, indeed, if this culling out of undesirable samples and altering and substituting designs did not have a marked effect on the other products of those manufacturers, wherever they might be marketed. Of course a similar influence, in some degree, is going on through the requirements of other countries, the net result of which is that each nation is bringing its best ideas forward and dropping those which other nations veto by refusing to buy. Judging from the number of specifications which American importers find necessary to require of foreign makers, the influence of American ideas is by no means least in this symposium of national taste. But any pride we might have in this fact is more than offset by the things we are still obliged to learn from the older countries, and the things we have, so far, neglected to learn.

ODD PRICES

A FEW weeks ago we referred in this column to the matter of marking goods 49 cents, 99 cents, \$1.98, and so on, and voiced the popular thought that this method was used with the intention of making the customer think the price was cheaper. An advocate of the system comes forward and claims that this method was begun for the purpose of preventing salespeople from pocketing even change, and that in some establishments it is continued for that purpose. It is safe to say, however, that neither the public nor the majority of store managers ever thought of this as the underlying reason. As the average reduction would amount to several cents on the dollar, and therefore a handsome percentage of the gross receipts, it is fitting that many store managers should know why they follow the custom, and consider whether or not the insurance thus paid for is worth the percentage it costs.

A NEW MATERIAL

THE origin of some of the materials used in common manufacture is often very far removed from the nature and use of the finished product. This is well illustrated in the new substitute for ivory and celluloid, called "galalith," which is made of sour milk. It has an advantage over celluloid in that it is not so inflammable, and over ivory in that it is not so expensive, and may be made in any color. It is at present used chiefly in making combs, but will doubtless come to be used in a large variety of articles that are now made of the other two substances.

PAYING WOMEN LESS

IN DEPLORING the fact that women are usually paid less than men for the same work, many writers overlook certain points which are necessary to a just consideration of the question. As no one individual or corporation, more than another, is to blame, it is the world in general that must be blamed or justified. With many notable exceptions, the world tends to frame its customs so as to work out the greatest good to the greatest number. The individual must be forever secondary to the common good. The question may then be stated thus: Can we blame the world for not encouraging women to give up the proper feminine ideals of home-making by making them even-handed competitors with men and independent of them? The world especially needs two things, more and better homes and more and better people. Is it to be blamed for not framing its customs to attain those ends? If it be denied that this general result is good, then it may be denied that the means to gain it are good. But if it be admitted that the general result is the right one, then the world is justified in not encouraging too great a divergence from whatever will conduce to that end. The world is justified in saying to woman: "For you business is but a preparatory school, a stepping-stone, a partial service. Your real work is to be wife and mother. Be employed at any useful work so long as that seems best for you individually, but remember that you are endowed with a higher capacity for service, and there is need for your work in the home." To give emphasis to this dictum, and to keep it hourly fresh in mind, the world, perhaps wisely and kindly, declines to encourage woman overmuch to prefer an independent life.

It is difficult, if not impossible, to speak in general terms of the problem of women in business without seeming to countenance many flagrant wrongs. In presenting this view it is not to justify any known injustice the reader may have in mind, but to afford a perspective which may enable us to consider universal tendencies.

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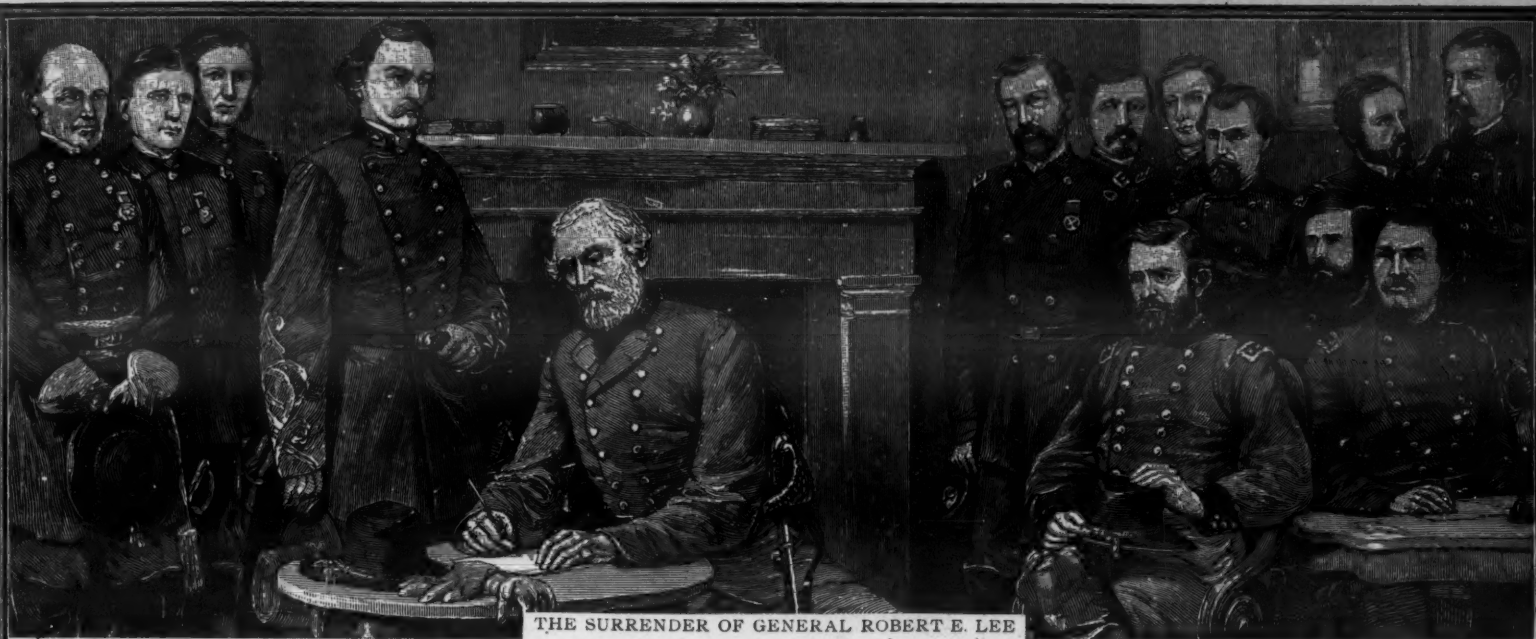
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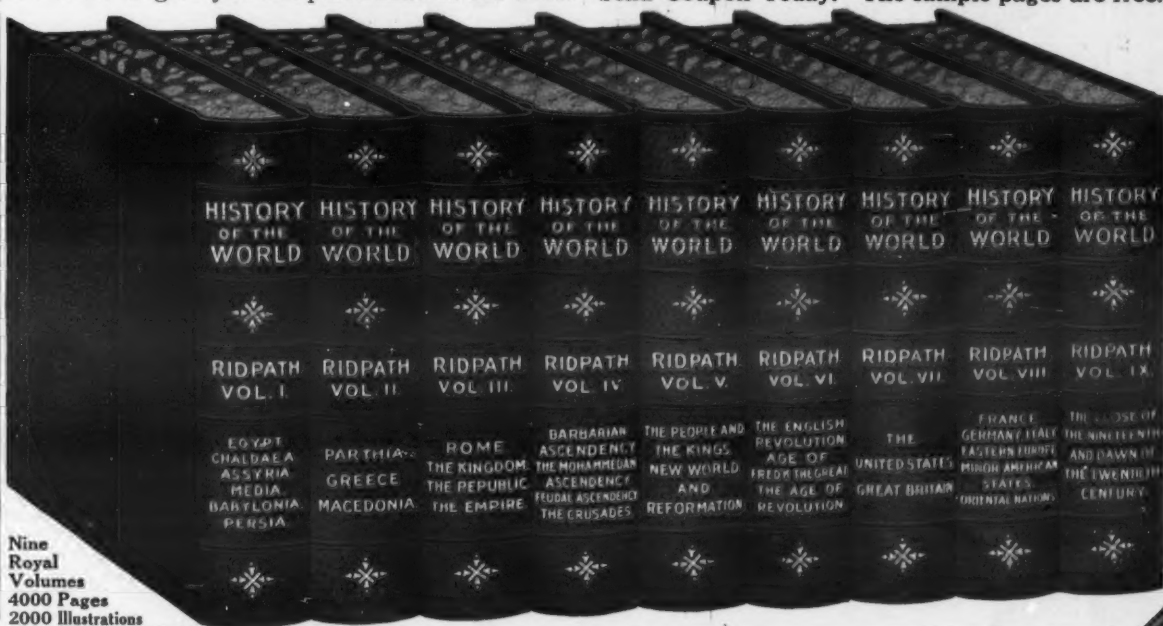
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